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[THE DISCOVERY.]

EVANDER;

OR,

A MAN'S PUNISHMENT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"Heart's Content," "Tempting Fortune," &c., &c.

CHAPTER I.

And if I said that fancy led by love
Would play with flying forms and images,
Yet this is also true, that long before
I looked upon her, when I heard her name,
My soul was like a prophet to my heart,
And told me I should love.

Such a lord is love,
And beauty such a mistress of the world.

Tennyson.

LADY AGNETA EVANDER was left a widow with an only son, a few years after her marriage. All her love for her husband centred upon her child, who from his earliest years evinced a wayward disposition and showed an impatience of control.

The young baronet was educated at a public school and a university, but did not stay long at the latter, being dismissed for some flagrant breach of the college rules.

Sir Charles Evander speedily made himself known in London, and was the leader of superior fashionable society. His manner was agreeable, his person charming, and his intellect above the average, but he had no heart. He was cold, callous, and selfish. With ladies he was, nevertheless, very popular, and at an age when most men are first beginning life he was one of the men most talked about in London and Paris.

He was very shrewd in all affairs which had to do with money, and although he was extravagant to a degree, he had no debts which he could not easily discharge. He played high, and nearly always won. His equipages were the best in the park, and in dressing he was unrivalled.

Before we introduce the young baronet to the reader we must pay a visit to an ancient country house, the property of Lord Carisbrook, who was seldom

tempted to visit London. At an early age he had married his cousin Emily. It was purely a love match, and their union had been productive of unadulterated happiness to both of them.

On a fine day in the autumn of the year, Lord and Lady Carisbrook were seated under the shade of a spreading beech tree in the gardens attached to Caldecott Hall, which was the name of their ancestral abode. His lordship was reading a letter he had received from his brother in London, and when he had completed its perusal, he exclaimed:

"Hubert says in his letter, my dear, that he has dispatched to us Sir Charles Evander, a young baronet of whom I have heard something. He is a friend of Hubert's, who knows his mother very well, and he wishes him to be kept for some time in the country, if possible, as the delights of London are rapidly demoralising him."

"I shall be glad to extend our hospitality to any friend of your brother Hubert's," answered Lady Carisbrook, who never contradicted her husband in anything.

"The letter goes on to say," continued his lordship, "that Lady Evander wishes him to renew his acquaintance with the St. Aubyns, who lives near us. Sir Charles and Lily St. Aubyn met in town, and if a match could be arranged between them, it would be most desirable."

"We will do what we can," said her ladyship, favouring her husband with a sweet smile. "I am sure we have been so happy during our wedded life, dearest Albert, that we need have no compunction in inducing two young people to unite themselves together."

After some further conversation it was decided that they would gladly receive Sir Charles Evander as a guest, and do all that they could to make him forget the delights of the town by introducing to his notice the many charms of a country life.

During the remainder of the evening Lord Carisbrook was grave and silent. There was something so unusual about this that his wife could not refrain from asking him the cause of his sudden melancholy.

With a sigh, he said:

"I was reading a book this morning, in which the author lays down the curious doctrine that people can be too happy, and he adds that a long continuation of happiness is sure to be followed by some calamity."

"Well," said Lady Carisbrook, "what has that to do with us. It seems to me that your author is very eccentric. I should discard such reading."

"It has everything to do with us, my dear," answered his lordship. "We have been married five years, we are both young, and we have enjoyed uninterrupted happiness during our wedded life. If the author is correct in his theory I fear that the time is approaching for some desperate calamity to befall us."

"You are nervous and low-spirited to-night, Albert," exclaimed Lady Carisbrook, in a tone of deep concern. "Pray let us talk about something else. I am convinced that your author is a man upon whom no reliance can be placed."

Lord Carisbrook sighed again, and he talked indifferently on various subjects, though his thoughts ran in the same groove, and he was unable to divest himself of the superstitious terror with which a dread of coming evil had filled him.

It seemed to him that the arrival of Sir Charles Evander would, in some mysterious way, be connected with the misfortunes which he anticipated, and he had considerable difficulty in writing the letter which gave his consent to the visit.

A week elapsed and Sir Charles Evander arrived at Caldecott Hall.

He was tall, handsome, well-made, and had that indescribable, easy, well-bred air, which can only be acquired from moving in the best society. There was magic in his eyes, and Lady Carisbrook had not been in his company half an hour, before she felt fascinated by his glance, and turning away with a shudder, said to herself:

"That is indeed a man for a woman to love. How happy should Miss St. Aubyn be with such a suitor."

Lord Carisbrook found the young baronet's society as agreeable as did his wife. He was a delightful companion, for though he was fond of talking, and

could talk well, he also knew when to listen, and never monopolized the conversation. He had a fund of anecdotes at his fingers' ends, was never at a loss for a joke, and though sometimes severe in his criticism on women, he was nevertheless often their champion on various points.

Young as he was, he had seen a great deal of the world, which had made him somewhat of a cynic. In reality he dazzled, rather than made a real impression on his friends, for there was nothing genuine or sincere about him. He turned everything into ridicule, and laughed at everybody.

Carisbrook soon discovered that he was an accomplished sportsman, and that the amusements of the City had not rendered him in any way effeminate.

They went out together on shooting expeditions, and always came back with full bags, Sir Charles being an excellent shot, and thoroughly at home with dog and gun.

There were so many places on the estate to go to, so much to see, and so much to do during Sir Charles Evander's first week at Caldecott, that Lady St. Aubyn was forgotten.

At length Lady Carisbrook exclaimed, "We have some most agreeable neighbours, Evander, to whom I shall feel delighted to introduce you. Among others I may mention the St. Aubyns."

"Of Rock Hill," said Sir Charles, "yes, I have met them, and shall be glad to renew the acquaintance. Lily is a fine girl, and she assisted me to pass some time very pleasantly in London."

"We will invite them to meet you at dinner, Sir Charles," exclaimed Lady Carisbrook. "But you must not suppose that we have any design upon your heart in bringing you in contact with the most lovely young lady in the county."

Sir Charles Evander laughed and made answer: "I do not think I am so impressionable as you seem to imagine, although I will own myself susceptible of a woman's charms."

Presently Lord Carisbrook went to the other end of the room, and Evander had an opportunity of saying in a low tone:

"My heart is gone already, Lady Carisbrook."

"Indeed! Since when, may I ask?" she replied, with a slight elevation of the eyebrows.

"Since I entered this house. Since I first beheld you, Lady Carisbrook," he said, with a glance of admiration.

"Sir Charles," exclaimed her ladyship, in a tone of severe rebuke; "if you dare to repeat such language to me, I shall instantly make my husband acquainted with your conduct. You, a guest in his house, and to make such a speech to the wife of your host."

"Why not, when the hostess is pretty," answered Evander, twirling his moustache.

Lady Carisbrook half rose, as if to call her husband's attention, but he was looking over some books, and had his back turned towards her.

"If you wish to lose your husband, by all means promote a quarrel between us," said Sir Charles, coolly. "Duelling is possible in France, and I can fire a pistol with as much skill as I can use a sword."

She became passive under this threat, and again his large lustrous eyes were fixed upon her, appearing to fathom the secret depths of the innermost recesses of her soul.

Lady Carisbrook began to be afraid of this man, but after his familiarity that evening she always avoided a conversation with him.

Was her husband's instinct right, and was this young man to come between them like a cloud, obscuring the happiness which had hitherto brightened their domestic horizon?

She breathed a fervent prayer that it might not be so.

A few days afterwards Lord Carisbrook and Sir Charles Evander were out shooting together near the confines of the estate. By their side was the main road, and they sat down upon a bank to rest while the keepers opened out a slight repast they had brought with them.

Suddenly the noise of horses galloping rapidly along the road fell upon their ears; with this was mingled the clatter of wheels and the cries of women, apparently in a dreadful state of alarm.

Sir Charles Evander was up in a moment, looking eagerly along the highway.

Presently he beheld a carriage drawn by two fiery horses, over which the terrified coachman had lost all control, descending a hill at a rapid pace. In the carriage, which was enveloped in a cloud of dust, he was able to distinguish two ladies. Their danger was imminent, for a few yards farther on was a curve in the road, round which it seemed impossible for the horses to turn without upsetting the carriage, an accidental occurrence which might cost the inmates their lives.

Without a moment's hesitation Sir Charles Evander shouldered his gun and taking aim at the nearest

of the maddened horses, waited until it came within range and fired.

So successful was the shot that the animal dropped down dead at once. Its companion tore along a few feet farther, but hampered with the weight of the body, could not make way, and was pulled up panting and trembling by the driver, who was overjoyed to be so easily and unexpectedly extricated from the peril in which his careless driving had placed himself and the ladies.

Vaulting lightly over a gate Sir Charles was quickly on the spot. He found two ladies in the carriage, which was not in the least damaged. They were inclined to faint, but recovering themselves at the sight of their preserver, their eyes beamed gratitude upon him. To his delight Sir Charles Evander recognised Mrs. St. Aubyn and her daughter Lily, to whose peerless face a deep flush lent additional beauty and charms.

Lord Carisbrook was on the scene almost as soon as Sir Charles and exclaimed, while the latter was bowing politely to Lily St. Aubyn:

"I sincerely trust you are uninjured."

"Oh, thank you both very much," answered Mrs. St. Aubyn, in a voice that trembled a little; "we have escaped with a fright and a slight shaking, though had it not been for Sir Charles Evander's skill and presence of mind I shudder to think what our fate might have been."

"You overrate my poor service," said Sir Charles. "Perhaps you will not believe me when I say that I took almost as much pleasure in killing your horse, as I experienced in saving you."

"Oh, Sir Charles," said Lily. You always take such delight in depreciating yourself."

"Do I he replied with a laugh. "Set down then to my innate modesty. Candidly, however, I am very glad to think that no harm has happened to you."

"We intended calling at Rock Hill to pay our respects to you, Mrs. St. Aubyn, some time for the last week," exclaimed Lord Carisbrook.

"You honour us too greatly my lord," she replied.

"It is you who confer the honour upon those whom you are gracious enough to receive," said his lordship with a low bow, adding: "Can I ask you to walk over to Caldecott; you cannot proceed with one horse, and my man shall drive you home later in the day."

"I accept your offer with pleasure," rejoined Mrs. St. Aubyn. "Are we far from the hall?"

"A mile and a half will cover the distance. Come let me give you my arm, and Evander will escort your daughter."

The gentlemen handed their guns to the keepers, who had already opened the gate to allow the ladies to pass through, and the little party started across the fields in the direction of Caldecott Hall.

Sir Charles Evander found the walk very agreeable to him. He allowed Lord Carisbrook and Mrs. St. Aubyn to take the lead, and he had undisturbed possession of Lily, who was equally delighted to be alone with him.

She had fallen in love with him in London during the season, but had tried to persuade herself that it was a mere girlish fancy, as he had not paid her any particular attention, certainly not enough for her to build any extravagant expectations on.

His present amiability and fondness seemed a confirmation of all her dearest hopes and most secret aspirations.

Evander was growing tired of sporting. Flirting was necessary to his existence, and the severe virtue of Lady Carisbrook did not at present give him much encouragement in that quarter. The season was over, every one was out of town, and the hope of meeting Lily St. Aubyn was the only thing which had prevented him taking his leave of the kind and hospitable occupiers of Caldecott Hall, and seeking such diversion as the capitals of the Continent or the German watering-places could afford.

"Until I met you Miss St. Aubyn," he said, pressing her hand; "I was like a man wandering in a land where the sun never shines."

"And now," she paused with an arch smile.

"Now I am in paradise," he said gallantly.

When they reached Caldecott Hall the blushing girl who was hanging on his arm at once attracted Lady Carisbrook's notice.

A pang shot through her heart.

"What," she exclaimed to herself, "am I jealous? Oh, it is absolutely necessary for my peace of mind that that man should leave this house."

CHAPTER II.

Oh, that the sum of human happiness
Should be so trifling, and so frail withal
That, when possessed, it is but lessened grief;
And even then there's scarce a sudden gust
That blows across the dismal waste of life
But bears it from the view. *Kirkc White.*

THE pleasant party at Caldecott Hall was soon broken up. The St. Aubyns returned to town, and

Sir Charles Evander, growing tired of the country and its amusements, made his excuses to Lord and Lady Carisbrook, and also sought the gay metropolis. Her ladyship felt very dull and miserable when the young baronet had taken his departure. In vain she struggled with her melancholy, and asked her wayward heart what Sir Charles could possibly be to her. But the witty and vivacious young man, with all his cynicism, had made an impression upon her which she found it impossible to throw off. Formerly she had found pleasure in her home duties and her husband's society. Now she called her life tedious, and sighed for excitement which she could not have in the solitude of the country.

It was not that Lord Carisbrook was less kind and loving to her. He was as attentive as ever; more so in fact, when he saw that her spirits drooped, and that she lacked her sprightly air, produced by a genuine happiness and content which had formerly characterised all her actions.

She longed, also, to go to town, and soon made her husband acquainted with her wishes. He was so satisfied with his country home and the sports he there enjoyed, that he combated the resolution. She, with the obstinacy of a woman, finally resolved upon adopting a particular course, listened in sullen silence to his arguments, and sighed when she ought to have smiled, casting a chill over his heart, and clouding that domestic felicity which he had before regarded as so perfect.

"I cannot account for this sudden change in your tastes, my dear," he said, when she had for the fiftieth time contrasted the delights of the city with the dullness of which she was the unwilling victim in the country. "Here you have the society of agreeable neighbours. I am always with you, and your wishes are gratified as soon as made. In London you will have the worry of a thousand parties, balls, and theatres. The bloom which now glows on your cheek will be exchanged for an unhealthy pallor, and we shall increase our expenses by at least a third."

"Oh, if it is a matter of money, and you wish to be a miser, that is another thing, and I shall say no more," answered Lady Carisbrook. "I always thought that we were sufficiently rich to be able to take our proper place in society, and I fondly supposed that you were retrenching at Caldecott in order that we might some day shine in the most brilliant circle in town. I did not know that when I married I renounced the delights of the world, and was to be shut up in this dismal, barrack-like place."

Here she sighed more profoundly than she had done before, her thoughtless eyes cast down in a melancholy fashion. She watched her husband through their long fringes, and was pleased to perceive that her words had produced an effect upon him.

He paced restlessly up and down the apartment, and at length stopped in front of her with his hands in his pockets.

"If you have made up your mind to go, Emily," he said, "I suppose I might, like Canute, as well try to stem the tide as to keep you here, but I must say that you are not the dutiful and obedient wife I have hitherto found you. Our happiness is not a thing of yesterday, and I was right when I feared that it was too sacred to last. I know very well what the dissatisfactions and distractions of a town life are. Your time will never be your own, and we shall no longer be able to enjoy our own society as we have done. You will have to attend balls and parties, receive visitors and return calls. You will be the veriest slave in existence, and the only relief I shall have will be a chat at the club, attendance at some theatre, or an occasional pigeon shooting match in the environs of London—a pleasant prospect, truly."

"That speech," said Lady Carisbrook, who saw the commanding position it gave her; "sufficiently proves the selfishness of your nature. I must be sacrificed because you want to indulge your brutal instinct of killing something. If you have not your gun or your fishing rod in your hand, you are not happy, and when those pursuits fail you, a horse and dogs enable you to chase a poor fox to death, or cruelly mangle an inoffensive hare. Have you no intellect—no fancy for politics? A seat in the House of Commons is worthy of a man's ambition, and if you could get returned for some borough or county, your position would increase my power."

"No, thank you," he replied. "I am not inclined to falsify the example of a third of a lifetime to gratify your newly-born ambition. No politics for me. I will humour you so far as to take you to town on the understanding that if I let you please yourself you will not interfere with me, and I pray most devoutly that you will soon get tired of your career of folly, for the pursuit of fashion is nothing better."

"Thank you for your tardy compliance," rejoined Lady Carisbrook, whose face exhibited a flush of triumph and pleasure which she could not repress. "I could have wished though that you had yielded more gracefully."

"Women are difficult to please," he said, with a gesture of annoyance; "I flattered myself that my wife was superior to the ordinary run, but I am mistaken. I must have been blind to have deceived myself so long. No matter. My eyes are open now, and I shall in future be able to estimate you at your true value, Emily."

"Here is a torrent of abuse for daring to call my soul my own, and making an effort to escape from the house of bondage," cried her ladyship, with a laugh.

Lord Carisbrook did not condescend to reply. He walked with long strides into the hall, put on his hat, took up his gun, and going into the yard, whistled a couple of dogs to his feet, and started for the woods, to vent his spleen upon the unsuspecting pheasants.

Lady Carisbrook had gained her point. Caldecott was shut up, and the servants sent to town, to a house which his lordship's agent had taken for them, ready furnished for occupation, in a fashionable part of the West End. It was in Wilton Crescent, and they were not far from Hans Place, where the St. Aubyns resided.

Her ladyship did not much care about them, because she fancied that Sir Charles Evander paid the lovely Lily too much attention; but she was obliged to keep on friendly terms with them, because they were invited everywhere, and she would meet them at all good houses.

Sir Charles was soon made aware of Lady Carisbrook's presence in town, and he laughed in his sleeve, for he knew enough of women and their characters to understand that as he had gone away from her she had followed him. He had never entertained a doubt that he would have an opportunity of completing the conquest he had commenced at Caldecott, and he resolved to devote his leisure moments to the beautiful Emily, whose husband was still confiding enough to believe that her heart was yet as thoroughly his own as it had been in the happy days of yore.

The gentlemen whom Lady Carisbrook met, and to whom she talked about Sir Charles, did not give Evander the best possible character. These were two friends of his, Captain Vavasour and Mr. Frederick Mordaunt, the latter of whom was constantly at the St. Aubyns', and at all places where he thought he should meet Lily, and this conduct of his was not at all surprising, for he loved her passionately, though she had not in any marked measure encouraged the preference which he exhibited for her.

Both the captain and Mr. Mordaunt, though associating with Sir Charles Evander at clubs and other places, did not think themselves under an obligation to speak well of him or defend his character, and the hints which they threw out respecting his licentiousness and want of principle should have put her ladyship on her guard, but it did no such thing.

She was pleased that such a gay Lothario should evince a decided preference for her, and his charms in her eyes were increased by the fact that he was a general and successful admirer of the fair sex.

Mr. Mordaunt had taken a strong dislike to Sir Charles Evander ever since he first met him at Hans Place. The attitude which the latter assumed towards Lily convinced the jealous mind of the lover, that he was in love with her, and that she did not object to his admiration. Mordaunt's affection for her was so sincere that if he could not win her himself he wished to see her married to one who would ensure her happiness, and this he felt certain Sir Charles would not do. He could say nothing to either Lily or her mother, because they would accuse him of an interested motive in vilifying a man he had treated as his friend.

To Lady Carisbrook, however, he was not so reticent. He told her his opinion of the baronet, though there was no tinge of acrimony or malice in what he said. He spoke his mind freely, with the air of one who was fearless of the consequences, and knew that he was uttering the truth. Lady Carisbrook had invited this confidence on the part of Mr. Mordaunt and Captain Vavasour, but when she had gained it she was displeased with them for running down one whom she liked, and on one occasion said, with some asperity:

"If Sir Charles Evander is such as you describe him to be, I wonder that you associate with him."

"For my part," replied Mr. Mordaunt, "I can answer that I have for some time ceased to do so. I am coldly civil whenever we meet, and he must know that I do not class him among the number of my friends."

"That must be a great deprivation for Sir Charles. What do you say, Captain Vavasour?" said her ladyship.

Frederick Mordaunt was grieved but did not retort; he seemed to await his friend's reply with some anxiety.

"I cannot say that I admire Evander's principle," answered Vavasour; "but I like the man and am still his friend. I tell him to his face what I say behind

his back and he laughs at me, telling me that I am a child in the ways of the world, and will know better some day. I do not agree with him, for I can never believe that it is right to trifle with the affections of a woman—her trust, confidence, and weakness should be her protection."

"Admirably spoken," exclaimed Lady Carisbrook. "I honour you for the expression of such sentiments, and am inclined to think that your friend is only young and thoughtless, and that he will learn wisdom shortly. In the meantime I shall not close my doors against him, for one might exclude many agreeable acquaintances if any blot upon one's moral character were to be an insuperable bar against admission to a London drawing-room. If we are truly charitable we should be blind to each other's faults."

Mordaunt shook his head and walked away. Captain Vavasour was inclined to agree with her ladyship, and they changed the conversation, the latter saying:

"We shall meet to-morrow evening, I presume, at Hans Place. All the world will be at Mrs. St. Aubyn's reception, and, as I have so few friends in town, I shall be glad to see a face I know. Carisbrook leaves London for a week to-morrow morning to see after his poor dogs and horses, about whom he frets so much. Was it not cruel of me to separate them?"

"On the contrary, I, for one, can only esteem myself fortunate that you refused to any longer shut so much beauty up in the seclusion of a country house," replied the captain, gallantly.

"Oh, Captain Vavasour!" cried Lady Carisbrook. "You army men have such an agreeable way of flattering that I do not wonder you are popular with the ladies."

The captain smiled and twirled his moustache, and after about ten minutes' more small talk, he quitted the house with Mr. Mordaunt and went to another house not far off to pay a fresh call.

The party given by Mrs. St. Aubyn, to which her ladyship had alluded, was merely a reception. Visitors dropped in as they liked, went from group to group, chatting first with one then with another, and took their departure when it pleased them without any ceremony. It is true there was a card-room for those who liked a serious, business-like evening, and there were singing and playing in the back drawing-room, while refreshments were provided in a separate apartment downstairs.

Lady Carisbrook made her appearance about ten o'clock, superbly dressed, and almost the first person she met on entering, after having spoken to her amiable hostess, was Sir Charles Evander, whom she thought had never looked handsomer. Evening dress became him wonderfully well, and he was always perfectly dressed.

"This is kind of you," he exclaimed. "There is no one worth speaking to here, and I was getting awfully bored. Lord Melvern and I were thinking of leaving, but the hope that you might yet appear sustained me for thirty dismal weary minutes. May I inquire where Carisbrook is?"

"Did you not know that he had left town?" she replied, showing her pearly teeth and fluttering her fan. "I am quite alone. Dogs and horses have superior attractions, and he has gone back to Caldecott. I do not know what I shall do with myself."

"I am acquainted with married women," answered Sir Charles, twisting his moustache, "who would not consider such an occurrence a calamity. They would be glad of a little relief from the presence of their lord and master."

"That is charming," said Emily, eagerly. "You are just the man I wanted to meet. I have never been separated from my husband before for a single day, and I have been in despair to discover some means of passing the time. You say that you know ladies who have been similarly situated. You will tell me what they did, will you not? Please, do take compassion upon and tell me."

"With the greatest pleasure," rejoined Sir Charles Evander. "I must premise, however, that my ladies were not of the sentimental order. They did not look upon husbands generally as an unqualified good, and they enjoyed their freedom by such innocent little amusements as giving dinner parties to an intimate friend or friends. I have had such an invitation myself; a box at the theatre has diversified the proceedings."

"Excellent," exclaimed Lady Carisbrook, "I am sure that I cannot do better than follow such a capital example. Will you favour me with your company at my house to dinner to-morrow at seven, Sir Charles?"

"I shall be most happy," he said.

Lily St. Aubyn came up and they were separated; but Lady Carisbrook had made the engagement, calculating upon her husband's absence, without meaning any harm, though she ought to have known that it was wrong to do anything which she could not tell his lordship.

The early part of the day was passed by her in buying flowers in Covent-garden, and making preparations for a charming little dinner, such as would at once display her taste and the resources of her establishment.

In the afternoon she went to her bedroom to lay down and rest for an hour. She was tired. It had been quite late when she left the St. Aubyns' and not used to such hours she found it difficult to recover from the fatigue which they occasioned.

To her surprise she was disturbed, as she was about to close her eyes for a refreshing sleep, by a knocking at the door.

"It is only me, Emily," said a voice, which she recognised instantly.

"Good gracious my husband, what brings him back. Can he suspect," she began, when her speculations were cut short by the entrance of Lord Carisbrook, who caught her in his arms and kissing her tenderly cried:

"Here I am again dearest, sooner than you expected. Ah, what is this. You do not seem so pleased to see me, as I thought you would be."

"You frightened me. I was half asleep, and my nerves are a little weak. I was at Mrs. St. Aubyn's last night till late," she answered, rubbing her eyes and sitting on the edge of the bed wrapped as she was in the capacious folds of a pink dressing-gown.

"I knew dissipation would knock you up, and I am not sorry to see that I was not mistaken in my anticipation. But do you not want to hear what has brought me away from Caldecott in such a hurry, when I had resolved to stay there for a week."

"I am a little curious, I must confess," said Emily, who was dying with curiosity but did not like to ask any questions.

"A relative of mine who made a fortune in India, became eccentric and lived in London, under another name, goodness knows why. He is dead, died yesterday in fact, and his solicitor has written to me to say that he has left me the greater portion of his wealth."

"There is nothing very interesting about that," her ladyship said, "we have as much money as we want already. Is that all that has brought you up in such a hurry—as for me I would not have gone across the street for such news."

"You have very strange ideas," replied Lord Carisbrook, with a tone of disappointment. "You were sorry at seeing me, and now you don't care for the legacy. I look forward to buying you a set of diamonds. I can build some more stables at Caldecott, and I shall be able to hunt the country which I could not do before. I have already settled the site of the kennels."

"If you are pleased it does not matter to me, one way or the other," she said with a half yawn. "I do like people to be exact and consistent though. Your return has destroyed my projects of independence for a week. I was going out to dinner to-night, and—"

"What is to prevent you?" interrupted Carisbrook. "I have engaged myself to the solicitor, and shall very likely stay late, talking over matters with him. I shall not be home till twelve certainly, so you can go where you like without paying the slightest attention to me."

"On that understanding I congratulate you," exclaimed her ladyship; "and now please go away and leave me. I am dying for rest, and must have some. I shall be good for nothing else."

Imprinting another kiss upon her lips Lord Carisbrook took his departure, called a cab, drove to his club, and told his friends of his good fortune, and ordered dinner, going back to dress, and returning in time to meet the solicitor who was going to dine with him, and not he with the man of law as he had said. So there was a little harmless deception on his side.

Her ladyship determined to be brave, and receive Sir Charles Evander, though prudence dictated the adoption of a very different course. A letter would have put him off, but she would not write a line which would deprive her of her anticipated pleasure. She knew it was wrong to have Sir Charles at her house, and it was for that very reason that she made up her mind to do it.

It happened that Sir Charles Evander was more considerate. He belonged to the same club as Lord Carisbrook, and met him there in the afternoon.

"How do?" he exclaimed. "I thought you a hundred miles away in the country."

"At Caldecott," replied his lordship. "I have only just returned. Business brought me back. It was a great pity. I never saw finer weather for shooting."

Sir Charles went to the writing-room, and wrote a letter to Emily, in which he said that he had met her husband, and hoped she would, under the circumstances, excuse him for breaking his engagement, as he had no wish to meet Carisbrook, and he sin-

cerely trusted that this evening alone was only a pleasure deferred.

In the hall he did not see Carisbrook, who was putting on his hat, and he said to the porter distinctly in his lordship's hearing:

"Give this letter to a commissionaire, and let him take it to Lady Carisbrook's, Wilton Crescent."

These words fell like a thunderbolt upon his lordship, who, half-stupified, watched Sir Charles re-enter the club. He was himself going for a stroll round St. James's Square, in which his club was situated, to get an appetite for dinner, and changing his mind, he put down his hat, and extended his hand to the porter, and said:

"Give me that letter; it's for my wife, and I can deliver it. Most probably Sir Charles Evander did not see me or he would have asked me to take charge of it."

The porter did as he was requested, thinking there was no harm in complying with such a request, and Lord Carisbrook, fuming like an angry lion, went upstairs to the smoking-room to read the letter at his leisure, unobserved and uninterrupted.

Its contents astounded him. They indeed were calculated to throw suspicion upon the conduct of any woman, and if a man had plunged a knife into his heart he would not have felt more exquisite pain than he did in reading this compromising letter of Sir Charles Evander's.

"This is terrible," he muttered, wiping the perspiration which had gathered on his brow in great drops away with his hand. "No wonder Emily was not anxious to see me. This is how she enjoys her independence. But the affair cannot rest here. It was indeed an unlucky day for me when Sir Charles Evander crossed the threshold. Bitterly shall he repent his treachery. I must kill that man, or he shall kill me."

A mist swam before his eyes and he almost fainted. It was a dreadful blow to him, to find his cherished happiness vanishing like a phantom into thin air.

(To be continued.)

SCIENCE.

FUSING OF STONES.—When a stone that scintillates with steel fuses alone we know that there are present lime or calcareous earth and silica; with another, either alumina or magnesia, and probably a metallic oxide, iron, manganese, nickel, copper, and chrome.

COLD.—Almost the greatest cold ever obtained was produced by the vaporisation of a mixture of ether and solid carbonic acid in a vacuum. The pressure at which carbonic acid is liquified is about 36 atmospheres, an atmosphere being a pressure equal to 760 m.m., or 15lb., for the pressure of the air on the square inch is 15lb., or 760 m.m.

THE SUZ CANAL.—The rules for the navigation of the Suez Maritime Canal have been issued preparatory to its opening. These rules prescribe that the canal will be open to ships of any nation not drawing more than 24ft. 7in. of water, the depth of water in the canal being 26ft. Steamers may use their own propellers; sailing vessels above 50 tons will have to be towed by the service established by the company. The maximum speed of travelling is fixed at 5½ knots per hour. The tolls to be charged are 10 francs (8s. 4d.) per ton of measurement, and 10 francs for each passenger. The charge for towing will be 2 francs per ton. The charge for pilotage varies according to the depth of water, commencing with five francs for a draught of 9ft. 10in. to 20 francs for vessels with a draught of 24ft. 7in. The cost of berthing any vessel at Port Said, Ismailia, or Suez, is fixed at 5 centimes (½d.) per ton per day. Stringent regulations are laid down with respect to lights and mooring, as to passing other vessels, getting ships afloat in the event of their grounding, and with regard to salvage of articles lost in the canal. The tolls and charges on a vessel of 2,000 tons, including towing, pilotage, and charges, exclusive of berthing, would be about 1,000l. The charge for one of the large steamers of the Peninsular and Oriental Company would be more according to the number of passenger.

NEW PATENT BRECHLOADERS.—It is, perhaps, a curious but still indisputable fact, that with the advancement of science there start up obstacles and dangers which dishearten and prompt us to go back to the point whence the progressive march was commenced. And yet, as Fontenelle remarks, "We find as we proceed many valuable discoveries of which we were before ignorant." Scarcely to any invention of modern days do these facts better apply than to that of central-fire guns. When first they came into use the sportsman was amazed at the rapidity, precision, and ease of firing which were their chief characteristics, but they had not been long at work when serious defects and dangers were found in the

new invention. They were liable to premature explosion, because the process of drawing back the strikers was left to the uncertain action of spiral springs, which sometimes came in contact with the cartridges and caused the explosion. People then wished to go back to the principle of pin-fire; but to Mr. Needham, of Piccadilly, is due an invention which has freed the central-fire principle from danger. In his patent gun, a lever at the one moment drops the barrels, sends back the hammers to half-cock, and withdraws the strikers into their cases—thus rendering premature explosion impossible, because the strikers cannot project again until the barrels are firmly secured. Unlike other central-fire guns, it can be ascertained in this, without opening the gun, whether it is loaded or empty. There are many other advantages, prized by sportsmen, said to be attached to the invention of Mr. Needham. We have merely noticed the chief one as calculated to protect life and limb in the enjoyment of the sports of the field.

AN AUTOMATIC TELEGRAPH.

THERE is a new and remarkable invention, an automatic system of self-telegraphing power, which will multiply eight or ten times the facilities of telegraphic communication over the present system. There is reason to believe this is one of the most astonishing inventions of the age, and destined to produce a great revolution in the commerce, financial affairs, intercourse, and social condition of the world. We learn, also, that the United States Government will be asked to test this invention, and to take the control of and use it for the public good. Congress, we hope, will not hesitate to investigate the matter, and to make the necessary appropriation—first, to try the new system between Washington and New York, and then, if successful, to obtain the patent and give the whole country the benefit of it under Government control.

The time has come when the telegraph should no longer be in the hands of private companies or individuals. The British Government has had the sagacity to see this; has purchased the lines in England, and on the 1st of January next will take entire control in connection with the Post-office department, of all telegraphic communications. The great nations have moved slowly in this matter, and have followed what the lesser ones—such as Belgium and Switzerland—have done before. All will have to come to it in time. There is no other way of preserving the secrecy of communications inviolable, of preventing monopolies from using the telegraph to the injury of the public, and of cheapening the transmission of messages. The charges for telegraphing now are enormous and out of all proportion to the capital actually invested in the lines. Under Government control and in connection with the postal service they could be reduced to a fifth the present rate. In every point of view, then, for the welfare of the public and interest of the Government, Congress should at once establish the experimental line we have spoken of, and prepare the way for controlling the whole telegraph system of the country.

A GEOGRAPHICAL CURIOSITY.—To M. Henri de Parville, the author of various works on general science, the following lucid description of M. D'Arvezac's late communication to the Academy of Sciences on a MS. published for the first time, and entitled "Compagne du navire l'Espoir, de Honfleur, 1503-1505," is due. M. de Parville says:—On the 5th June, 1505, Captain de Gonville had been cast during a storm on some unknown land situated in about the same latitude as the Cape of Good Hope. He there met with intelligent and sociable natives, and after staying there several months he started for France, taking with him the son of the chief, whose name was Essomeric, and to whose departure his father had consented on condition of his being sent back. On arriving within sight of the French coast, the Espoir was attacked by pirates, and Captain de Gonville and part of his crew only escaped by running ashore. The captain, being unable to send back the young Indian, adopted him, and gave him his own family name, Paulmier. Navigators for many years sought in vain for the land mentioned by De Gonville, and there existed to this day great uncertainty regarding its true geographical position, when a MS. found by the librarian of the Arsenal, and communicated to M. D'Arvezac, explained the mystery but a few weeks ago. It appears that in 1658 an action was brought against the descendants of Essomeric for the payment of certain *droits d'aubaine* (escheatage) by the farmers-general of the King's revenue. The Abbé Paulmier, Essomeric's grandson, pleaded his own case, showing that his grandfather had been kept in France contrary to promise, and that his descendants ought therefore to be free from the liability in question. He won the lawsuit by producing the certified copy of the declaration made in 1505, by Captain Gonville, on his re-

turn. It is this document which has now been discovered. The land touched at by Gonville was not beyond the Cape of Good Hope, as was expected, but opposite, and the French captain had landed at the southern extremity of Brazil, between lat. 24 deg. and 27 deg. S. M. de Parville further states that it appears from M. D'Arvezac's paper that a few years before 1503, Normans and Bretons, especially those of Dieppe and St. Malo, used to get valuable wood, cotton, monkeys, and parrots from a country a little more to the north of Gonville's land. "And," concludes M. de Parville, "does not this absolutely prove that before the end of the 15th century Normans and Bretons were in the habit of crossing the Atlantic and frequenting Brazil?"

COPPER AN ANTIDOTE AGAINST CHOLERA.

At a meeting of the Académie des Sciences, M. Dumas, the celebrated French chemist, gave a brief analysis of Dr. Burg's report on the preservation from cholera of men engaged in working with copper. He said statistics clearly prove that whenever the manipulation of copper was carried on the men engaged in it have almost invariably escaped harmlessness. The number of men who died of the epidemic in 1865 was eight, three of whom were engravers, one optician, one polisher, or burnisher, and one turner. In 1866 the mortality among them from the same cause was exactly the same. According to M. Burg, several of these deaths appeared to result from exceptional circumstances; they were either out of work or under bad sanitary conditions. To enable it to be clearly understood what proportion these numbers bore to the great body of workmen engaged in copper works, it must be stated that the Census of 1866 showed that there were in the department in which Paris is situated 122,838 workers in metal, and it is putting it below the mark to say that of this number at least one-fourth—that is to say, nearly 31,000—are engaged in working copper in some form or another.

Deducting boys under twelve years of age employed in the same work, there remained upwards of 26,000 adults really workmen, consequently the number of deaths in the years specified was in the proportion of three to every 10,000. Farther inquiries were made with the view of ascertaining if the preservation varied in accordance with the degree in which the metal was handled by the operatives, it being evident that if copper possessed the preservative properties attributed to it this would be manifest in the case of the workmen who died. The result of this branch of the inquiry, it is said, proved the correctness of the theory. Among gold and silversmiths and watchmakers, the total number of whom was 11,500, there were 16 cases, and there died one of every 719 employed.

Among makers of metallic spectacle frames, engravers on copper, men engaged in plating copper, polishers, rollers, and coiners, the total of whom was 6,000, there were six cases, the mortality being one in 1,000. Among founders, tap-makers, lamp-makers, workers in bronze, sham jewellery, and copper utensils, the number of whom was 14,000, there were seven cases; the mortality was one in 2,000. Among opticians, makers of mathematical instruments, dry polishers, stampers, turners, and musical instrument makers, the number of whom was 5,550, there was no case at all. Thus the rate of mortality diminished in proportion as the workmen were more exclusively employed in the manipulation of copper.

In other manufactures the mortality was from 10 to 40 times greater.

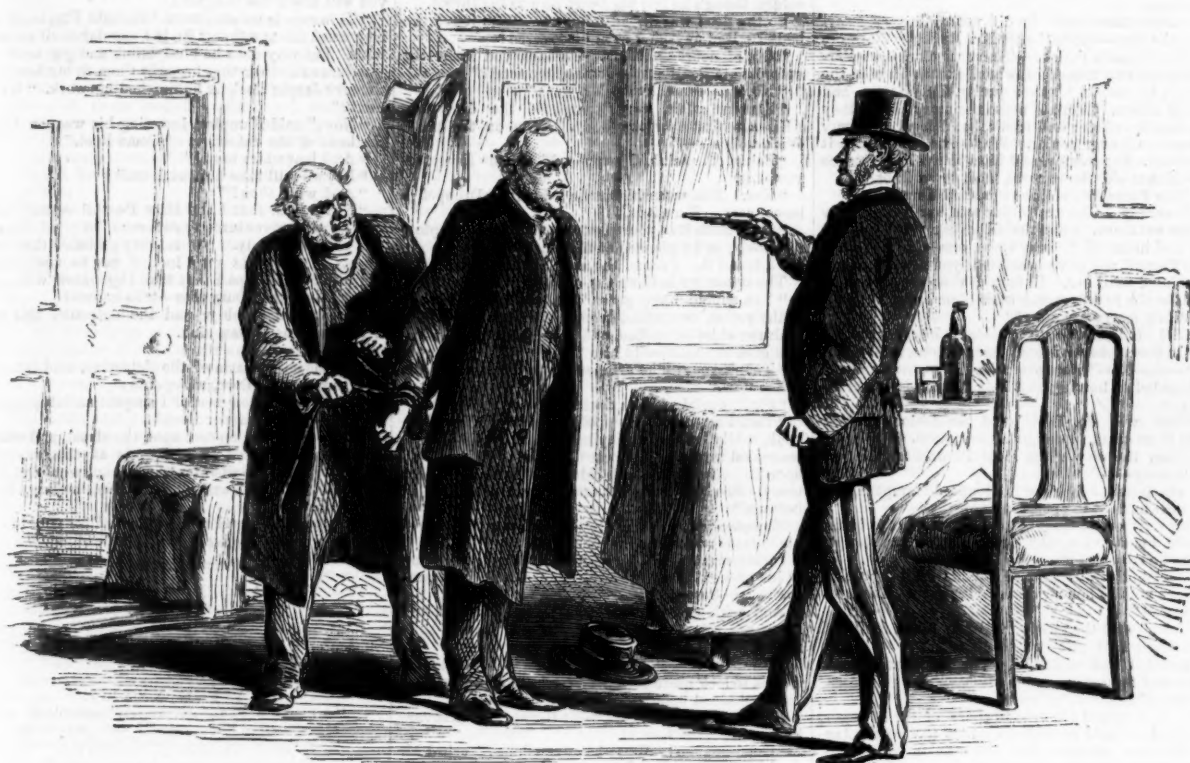
THE London Fire Brigade last year cost 90,000l.

A NUMBER of Firemen have arrived in Bombay, en route for Mesopotamia, where they are to be employed on a survey for a railway by the Turkish Government.

1,000 PARTS of wheat yield 740 parts of starch, of barley 790, of rye and oats 610, of peas 500, of beans 420, of potatoes 160 to 200, of beet, parsnips, carrots, &c., under 75, grasses from 65 to 20.

A MEMORIAL to the Prime Minister for the disestablishment of the Church in Wales is circulating in the Principality. It is said to have been already very numerous signed.

THERE are some curious results of the overland transit through Egypt. We naturally suppose that Englishmen resort to the far East by that route, but we do not see the natural consequence that the populations on this side of Egypt profit by the route. This they have now done for some years, so that in India, China, and Japan, Greeks, Syrians, Maltese and Armenians are to be found as far off as Shanghai and Yokohama. Some few are merchants, but a great proportion are loafers and bad characters, the Suez Canal furnishing a fair contingent. When the Canal is opened a larger influx of "mean whites" may be expected in the cities of the East, increasing the dangerous populations.



[FLAYBANK'S BLUNDER.]

THE BIRTH MARK.

CHAPTER XX.

"We left Dr. Kampton as he withdrew from the house of Inez de Parma to go in search of a person by whose aid he might legally claim Carola as his wife.

A sense of oppression weighed very heavily upon his spirits, and this feeling did not arise from the fact that he had stolen into the office of James Raymond and smitten him down with a murderous blow, so much as from the discovery that his father was a terrible villain, low-born and brutal, while his mother was a bad woman.

It is true that his heart told him he had done a dangerous deed in killing the lawyer, yet he recognised that guilty terror as one which he had felt more than once during his reckless career, in which his weapons had shed the blood of other men.

James Raymond owed him, he thought, a life, yes, a score of lives, for the bitter zeal with which he had conducted the murder-trial against him. Besides, the death of the lawyer could never be traced to him.

His gloomy feelings arose principally from the discovery of his parentage. He felt bitter, desperate. He would finish this villany which his evil mother had designed, and dare all that might result.

Carola should be his, and with her he would leave his mother for ever, after securing what wealth he might. As for his father—pah! what a coarse brute that father was. Since his mother was so vile, it was a pity that she had not given him, Robert Kampton or Robert Diaz, a duke, or a count or some noble for a father.

Filled with these black broodings, he hastened on until his rapid steps led him to a small tile-roofed cottage, where he paused to peep in through the judiciously closed shutters.

He saw a small-faced, large-bodied man seated at a table, and very busy in paying his devotions to a decanter of wine or brandy, and several well-laden dishes.

"Glutton," thought Kampton. "He lives only to eat and drink."

No doubt but that the "glutton" had as good a right to say of Robert Kampton:

"What have you done that is better, young man?"

But the "glutton" did not know that he was observed, and pursued his devotions to his decanter and his dishes with unabated vigour, until Kampton tapped smartly at the shutter.

Then the glutton cast a glance of rage around him, not knowing that the treacherous shutter revealed his actions, hurried his decanter and his dishes into a closet, wiped his face which was besmeared with grease, and assuming a devout countenance, hurried to open the door.

"Who is it?" he asked, in a soft and gentle voice.

"Do you not know me? My name is—"

"Ah, doctor—is it you? Come in, come in. But why does a vain youth of the world seek Jasper Reel at this hour? Come in. Indeed, I was just deep in my nightly devotions when your summons disturbed me."

Robert Kampton was now within the small apartment, and having seated himself, gazed contemptuously at the glutton.

Mr. Jasper Reel was barely five feet high, but he was nearly as many feet around the waist. His face was as we have said, small, yet every feature was a mass of fat. He was bald and oily, his voice was oily, his gestures were oily. The very furniture of the room had an oily appearance.

"Do you know Miss Laura Parnail?" suddenly asked Kampton.

"I am thankful that I have that pleasure my young friend—"

"There, don't 'young friend' me," interrupted Kampton. "You and I are old acquaintances, and know each other, Reel."

"Principally, or what?" unhesitatingly replied Mr. Reel, who was one of those wolves which prey in sheep's clothing. "I am getting up a new creed, one of my own—a stunner, if I may use the expression. I am prospering, I thank you, and intend to prosper."

"I have little time to spare," remarked Kampton.

"I suppose you will do as well as anybody else and if you do not like the job, why my money may be more needed by some other man."

"Never!" glided in Mr. Reel. "I have seen many things in my time—signs, wonders, strange dreams, divers prognostications."

"Stuff," ejaculated Kampton.

"What I mean is, that I have never seen a man who ever needed, or could need money more than Jasper Reel. What is the job?"

"To marry me."

"Your hand, doctor."

"No. I never shake hands," replied Kampton, recoiling from the fat palm extended toward him. I wish you to marry me within half-an-hour to a young lady—"

"With pleasure, doctor. I suppose the licence is all right?"

"I have no licence; but I will pay the fine if any noise is ever made about it, and see you unmo-
lestled."

"How much for the job?"

"Say fifty pounds."

"Very good. In advance, you are aware. By the way, you asked me if I knew Miss Laura Parnail. Why?"

"She knows you, that is all. Get ready."

"Certainly. I suppose the young lady is perfectly willing?" said Mr. Reel, with a sharp glance.

"I see that you are experienced in this business," replied Kampton, "and I am very glad of it; for, to speak plainly, the young lady is decidedly unwilling."

"Oh, a forced affair!" exclaimed Mr. Reel. "They are always very affecting to a man of my refined sensibility—very! Extra charge."

"Extra charge, cormorant! How much?"

"Why, as I always am terribly agitated—feel sad, weep, &c., suppose we say another fifty. In advance, you are aware."

"Get ready. Miss Parnail will settle your bill. How about witnesses?"

"Oh, you can supply them. It is to be a *bona fide* marriage, then—no sham like the last, in which I was your witness?"

"Enough of that. Get ready. All I want is the authority to call Carola Fairmont my wife."

"Very well," said Mr. Reel. "Now, how will you manage the ritual? But that is a small matter. The last time I was in Miss Parnail's house was—let me see—some ten years ago—wasn't it? You remember, eh?" continued Mr. Reel, as he prepared himself for the proposed undertaking. "You remember old John Cleaver—him that his son had shut up for a madman in Harlin's establishment?"

"I remember him. He was mad—wasn't he?"

"Not a bit of it. You see Miss Parnail—excuse me for speaking of it, for no doubt you know all about it—you see, she completely dazzled old John Cleaver, and he was about to marry her. Immensely wealthy he was—million or two maybe now. I was to marry 'em, you see."

"Sham marriage?"

"Not a bit of it. Licence all right—everything straight—but on the sly, for young Cleaver, the son, watched his father day and night. Old Cleaver was afraid of his son; the old fellow was rather feeble in mind, though he was as strong as a giant in the body."

"But it is very strange that—"

"Wait. Miss Parnail had her eye on the millions."

If all had succeeded, the millions would have soon been hers.

"I understand it all. So did young Cleaver, smart fellow he was—and is," said Mr. Reel. "We were in Miss Parnail's parlour—Cleaver senior, Miss Parnail, I, and two witnesses, when, just as I began the service, in rushed Cleaver junior, Dr. Harlin, and several others. Well, to make the story short, they smashed the affair; had medical and legal authority to confine Cleaver senior. Was some stir about it afterwards, but money and Miss Parnail's evidence proved that old Cleaver was mad, or an idiot."

"Miss Parnail's evidence?" asked Kampton.

"Certainly. Cleaver junior paid her handsomely for her evidence. I don't mind telling you—thought you had heard of it from some one—perhaps from Miss Parnail, as I have heard that you are intimately acquainted with her. In fact, I thought at first it might be she to whom you wished me to marry you."

"What, marry my aunt?"

"Oh! Is she your aunt? Have I been speaking thus to her nephew of that most virtuous, most pious, most—eh—oh—" stammered Mr. Reel, who was quite confounded on hearing that lady was a relative of his listener.

"That will do, Reel," said the doctor, sharply. "She is no saint, so do not lie any more. I was absent from the city when Miss Parnail tried to win old Cleaver—"

A sharp rap at the door interrupted Kampton, and Mr. Reel hurried to open the door.

The new comer proved to be a small man in the garb of a clergyman, and Mr. Reel eyed him sharply before he admitted him.

"Reverend sir," said Reel, in his blandest voice, "I have not the honour of knowing you. The hour is late—"

"Read," said the stranger, giving him a card, and at the same time gliding into the room.

The card had written upon it but these simple words and figures:

"One of us: 137."

Mr. Reel raised his eyes to those of the stranger, who made a rapid gesture, by which the worthy Jasper Reel was informed that this man in the garb of a clergyman was but a thief, a member of a secret society.

"Oh, a friend," said Reel, "seeking aid."

Mr. Reel's back was turned towards Kampton as the stranger made a step towards him and whispered: "Do not start, nor cry out, nor attempt to escape. My name is Flaybank. You have seen me before."

Mr. Reel's fat face grew ashy pale. Here was a famous detective in his apartment, and Mr. Reel well knew that his visit meant business.

"I am at your service, sir," he stammered.

"You have stolen plate in this room. The plate belongs to James Raymond. It was placed in your hands by a Portuguese. Am I right?"

"You are very wrong," replied Reel, but not in a very firm whisper.

"Come, one of your fellows has betrayed you, Reel—"

"I admit that I received a large amount of plate from a Portuguese gentleman," said Reel, "but I did not know—"

"Oh, of course. Well, what have you done with it? I do not wish to arrest you at present. Perhaps I may not upon this count. That is if the plate and all that the Portuguese confided to your care, is at once given up. If not, I arrest you and search."

Mr. Reel assumed the perfectly amiable and innocent, and turning to Kampton, who had become very impatient during this whispered conversation, said:

"In one moment, doctor. I have a trunk which belongs to this reverend gentleman. It is at the house of a friend. I will just write an order for its delivery—"

While Reel was writing upon the same card which had been presented to him by the detective, the latter whispered:

"Tell this gentleman—by the way—what is his name?"

"Eh?" said Reel. "Oh, Doctor Robert Kampton."

"Ah," hissed the detective, between his teeth: "so I have stumbled upon him. I intended to go from here to Miss Parnail's to see him. I have been twice to his lodgings, looking for him. Do you know that I must arrest him?"

"Him? For what?"

"For murder!"

At this reply, Mr. Reel let fall his pen and stared at the detective.

Kampton had become very impatient, and his eyes were flashing with rage at the delay. There was something about the detective which displeased him, especially as the latter was evidently studying him closely.

"Sir," said the detective, "I have just been telling Mr. Reel of an atrocious murder which was committed to-night."

"It does not concern me, sir," replied Kampton, coldly, though he felt his heart leap to his throat.

So the deed was already known. Who found the body? Had anything been discovered?

"Oh, of course not, sir. Perhaps you knew the unfortunate gentleman—James Raymond?"

"No, sir. Make haste, Mr. Reel."

"Strange affair, very," persisted the detective. "His son first saw the body. Blow on the head. With a club—"

"Found the club, I suppose?" asked Kampton, yawning.

"Yes. The assassin was in a hurry. Dropped a lancet case. Here it is."

"How came it in your possession?" said Kampton, carelessly, as he glanced at the lancet case.

"I found it. I found the club also. There it is."

The detective held up the club.

"You should have given the case into the hands of the police," remarked Kampton. "I am acquainted with the chief of police, and with your permission, will give the articles to him."

"Thank you. The articles are in the hands of the police now."

"Sir!" exclaimed the doctor.

"Yes, I am one of the police," replied Mr. Flaybank, coldly, who was playing with Kampton's well-concealed terror. "The case has the initials 'B. K.' upon it. Ah, what a coincidence! Initials of your name. See, you have lost one of your diamond shirt buttons."

Kampton glanced at his bosom and saw that one of his buttons was missing.

"This cannot be it," said the detective, fumbling in his pocket. "Found a diamond shirt button near the body—here it is."

And with great coolness he leaned forward, and compared the button with one in the doctor's shirt bosom.

"Strange, very," said the detective. "But this begins to look quite serious, especially as there is a speck of blood upon your shirt sleeve—"

Kampton at this instant dealt the speaker a severe blow on the head.

"Good heaven! What have you done?" cried Mr. Reel, as the detective fell as if dead.

"He insulted me and I punished him," replied Kampton, quietly, as he secured his lost button and lancet-case.

"But you have killed him."

"I hope so," calmly replied the desperate man.

"Come, drag him into your closet."

"No."

"I say yes!" said Kampton, fiercely.

While Reel hesitated, the supposed dead man sprang to his feet with the agility of a cat.

But Robert Kampton was as quick as he, and before the detective could raise his silver whistle to his lips, or draw a weapon, the doctor's weapon was at his head.

"Stir, and you die!" said Kampton, in a deep voice.

Mr. Flaybank was a brave man, yet he was as prudent as brave.

He saw that Robert Kampton was a daring, desperate man, whose finger was firm upon the trigger of the deadly weapon whose cold muzzle he felt pressed against his temple.

He had not come prepared to arrest the doctor, but having traced the stolen plate to Reel's apartment, had visited it to recover the property. He had stumbled upon Kampton; supposing him a mere novice in crime, had attempted his arrest alone. He knew that the sound of his whistle, if heard in the street by the police, would quickly bring aid. But the police might not hear, and if they should, his death, in either case, would be certain and instant.

"I have the lancet-case, the club, and the button," said Kampton. "You have dared to insult me, fellow, by charging me with the murder of James Raymond. You do not know me. Put your hands behind you, sir, instantly, or I blow your brains out!"

The detective saw the spirit of death in his eye and obeyed.

"Bind his hands, Reel, hard and fast."

Reel hesitated. It was a perilous affair to bind the hands of an officer of the law. But Kampton, without removing his steady gaze from that of the detective, spoke sharply:

"Do as I say, Jasper Reel, or I turn my pistol upon you. You know I am not trifling. Be quick."

Reel produced a strong cord and bound Flaybank's wrists tightly together behind him.

"Now bind his arms to his body. Very well; now blindfold the fellow!"

"What will be the end of this?" thought Jasper Reel, as he tremblingly obeyed his order.

"What will be the end of this?" also thought the detective.

"Now gag him!"

"Oh!" cried Mr. Reel.

"Gag him, instantly. Open your mouth, sir, or you will never use it again!"

"This man is no simpleton," thought Flaybank, as he opened his mouth. "He is a regular devil to deal with. But why does he bind, blind, and gag me?"

"Curse the hour that brought them to my house!" thought Jasper Reel, as he finished his work. "What next?"

"Now," said Kampton, lowering his weapon from the head of the detective. "Come Reel."

"And leave him here?"

"No, we will take him with us."

"And what then?"

"Never fear that I and Miss Parnail cannot take care of this adventurous gentleman," replied Kampton, smiling grimly. "It is very probable that the events of this night may incline me to visit Cuba very soon. Perhaps I may take this fellow with me, or perhaps I may bury him—who knows?"

He laughed harshly, and the detective felt his heart, stout as it was, sink.

"Come Reel."

He grasped the arm of the detective, and leading him towards the door, whispered:

"I will shoot you dead if I suspect an intention to escape. Hurry, Jasper Reel."

The door which opened upon the street, and which Reel had neglected to lock, was at this moment pushed open. A half-intoxicated man, well clad, but with disordered dress, staggered in, saying, in a tipsy voice:

"Jasper Reel, you keep bad hours."

(To be continued.)

GRAND COURT.

BY THE

Author of "Sometimes Sapphire, Sometimes Pale," &c.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"A bloody deed and desperately despatched!
How fain like Pilate would I wash my hands
Of this most grievous deadly murder done!
Well, I'll go hide the body in some hole,
And when I have my need I will away;
For this will out and then I must not stay."

Shakespeare.

LADY NORAH could not speak. Murderers were in her chamber—murderers with bare blades, and stealthy, softened footsteps—with savage brows, and teeth hard set to a deadly purpose, and she could not cry out—she could not fill the house with the wild, impassioned entreaties for mercy—for respite—for escape which filled her soul. She lay as if she were paralysed. A species of nightmare must have been with her, and must have chained up her utterance.

Chippendale put his hand upon the coverlet at the foot of her bed. He moved it slowly up and down.

"See here," he whispered, "this is not the room?"

What did it mean? What did it all mean? The two men moved away from the bedside, and passed like black, silent shadows into the next room where slept Madame Diana. Another moment, and a loud cry—a horrible cry—a voice full of wild surprise, agony, entreaty, filled the chamber—rang in fact through the old house like the knell of a departing spirit.

There were deep muttered curses after that, and a choking smothering sound. Another moment, and the two men were again in Norah's chamber, carrying something in their arms—something with long, streaming hair, and ghastly white face, upon which the moon's rays fell in ghastly mockery. How blind, and helpless, and fearful is guilt! The two ruffians hired to spill the blood of beautiful Lady Norah Beaumont had mistaken the directions of Rokewood regarding the silken covering of Norah's bed and the room with two windows. They had entered the smaller room occupied by Madame Diana. The wretched Frenchwoman had lain awake expecting them, listening for the cry—the death cry of the young captive bride. She heard the window raised, then the stealthy steps and the lowered voices. Another moment they were in her room. Before she had time to speak one was holding her down, struggling in the bed, while the other drove the cruel knife into the region of the false and pitiless heart. In vain the feeble, yet shrill cry of death—in vain the futile struggle, the imploring sign, the words which refused to form themselves upon the writhing lips, whispering:

"Mistake, mistake—not here!"

In unreasoning fury, in the madness of resolve, in the coward fear of guilt—deafened, blinded, silenced by the magnitude of the crime they were hired to commit, these men mistook the carrion crow of the field of carnage for the white dove of love and peace, whose sweet life they had purposed to quench. Madame Diana died in place of Norah Danvers; and

neither of the ruffians saw it, or heard it, or understood it.

Moonlight fell in large white bars upon the grim head, the dishevelled black hair, the bony form, and neither of the hired demons looked at either. Norah from her bed saw and comprehended all at a glance. Voice came back to her now, and fear was gone—gone with those wretches still in her chamber—gone because she felt that heaven had delivered her, and smitten down her enemy in her place—gone because she comprehended that in mercy had utterance been taken from her when the men entered the chamber at first.

Had she cried out as she intended, she would have been lost. As it was they passed out into the dark passage with their hideous burden, leaving the door of the room ajar.

"We are going to pitch it into the pond, Madame Diana," said the hoarse voice of Chippenham. "Get up and rouse the house when you hear us come back, after we have been in the house half-an-hour; but leave us time to get the silver cups, and spoons, and the old fashioned jewels from the squire's private room. We must be off before you discover the thing, and there is another woman to settle."

With astonishing presence of mind, or something indeed much higher than any power of her own, Norah was enabled to reply in well simulated tones, hoarse and rasping as those of the wretched Frenchwoman had been:

"Bien, man, well done! I watch for you."

How she did it she never knew, with the horror of crime in her presence, knowing to the full all that they had intended and all that she had escaped. A feeling too of womanly and christian pity mingling in with her eager wish for escape—a surmise that the deed was not perhaps complete, that life yet lingered in the ghastly form which they were about to fling into the icy waters of the pond.

The men walked slowly out while she was thinking these thoughts. They must have had the key of her room in their possession. The handle was turned, and the door left ajar.

Then while the footsteps went slowly and more slowly down the windings stairs which led to the larger staircase below, Lady Norah arose dressed herself with fingers nerved by a supernatural strength to the task; a soft, warm dress of woollen texture, a thick jacket of sealskin, her long hair wound round her head and fastened simply with a couple of pins, a warm hat of fur—a lady's winter travelling hat—upon her head, and then hastily put her gold watch, her rings, her chain, gold bracelet, and a pair of valuable earrings, all secreted in a box, in her pocket. She had not a farthing of money, so she must subsist upon her jewels. And now to escape from this terrible house of blood, crime, and horror.

A moment she paused, irresolute, in the passage, a moment she held parley with herself, if she should call up the red-haired nurse who did not seem to be in the dark plot, and against whose life it seemed that the murderers had a design. And yet, would not to call up one of the hired mercenaries of Rokewood be to pinion her own hands, to chain herself down once more a slave to his wicked will? And again, if they meant to come back and murder that woman to make it appear that they were simply housebreakers who killed indiscriminately those that were in their way—if Rokewood had so arranged it (as indeed he had) that there was to be another victim as well as Norah, so that taken together with the pre-arranged robbery, all suspicion of complicity might be diverted from him, then it was Norah's duty to rouse the woman, to warn her.

She opened the door. The woman was sleeping, snoring heavily.

Norah came close to her and shook her arm. She rose up with a startled cry.

"Hush, hush!" said Norah. "Rokewood has sent murderers to kill me in my bed; they mistook and have killed Madame Diana instead. Rouse yourself; rouse the servants, there must be honest hearts among them, the good old butler for one. Let them go down to the pond and capture those miscreants. Up, arouse the house. You know that I am not of weak mind; you have never believed it. If gain is your object you shall have more gain in obeying me."

But Norah appealed to a woman, stupid, brutal, pitiless, if not absolutely criminal.

That the great Rokewood, the man rolling in gold and power, should do wrong seemed impossible in her eyes. Here was the prisoner, the young creature whom she was hired to watch and grind down daily under the heel of cold official routine; this prisoner, whom she had been told she was never to allow to escape for one instant, now stood dressed and ready for flight in her room.

The strong woman believed nothing, cared for nothing, listened to nothing that did not come from those in power. Escaping, escaping! Out of bed she sprang, and wound her muscular arms about the

slight form of Norah, bending her towards the ground as a storm bends a reed.

When Norah would have shouted for help, the brutal nurse put a cruel hand upon her mouth.

Norah was powerless and weak in the grasp of this creature, who was accustomed to the regimen of lunatic asylums, and indeed had been brought from one.

And now came the sound of footsteps upon the lower stair. Norah heard them, the woman heard them. Something like belief shook the rude spirit of the creature for an instant.

She relaxed her hold. She paused in confusion. She listened!

Simultaneously as the handle turned in the lock, the nurse gave Norah her freedom. But what a gift at such a moment.

"Useless," whispered the sinking heart of the earl's daughter.

The moon's rays did not enter into this chamber of the nurse through the window but through the skylight, and they fell upon a black, carved oak press. Instinct, providence more likely, guided Norah to this weird old piece of furniture. She stooped down behind it.

"In a moment they will drag me out," she said, to herself.

In a moment they were in the room, and the miserable nurse was struggling in their grasp as the Frenchwoman had done. Blindly, remorselessly, they held her down, and one stifled her cries while the other stabbed her. It was fearful, that sound—for years and years afterwards Lady Norah Danvers would waken out of dreams wherein that savage, stupid, strong woman in her night-gear, struggled with the hired assassins and could not make them comprehend her.

Norah did not hear her utter her name, it seemed that the poor creature dimly comprehended at the last that Norah had come to her in the spirit of truth and mercy, and had been willing to risk her young life to save hers. Silence; the silver moon-rays trembling on the floor of the chamber, mingling in with the stain of crime and violence. Norah, kneeling behind her oak chest, shut her eyes and ears to all and prayed in her earnest soul—prayed for deliverance and peace.

Then the ruffians kicked the form of the second victim into a corner and went downstairs again. When their footsteps had died out Norah arose. But one glance did she give towards the corpse of the selfish and mercenary creature who had met her death through her obstinacy. She hastily descended the first staircase, came to the head of the second, and listened. A door was open, a lamp was burning, and a man was walking up and down a handsome chamber, talking to himself, holding his head down, wildly gesticulating.

"It will out, it will out!" he said, and then he paused, tore his hair, and groaned. "Why, twenty years after old Macarthy was murdered, I have heard my grandfather say that if a waggon went by that well and stopped for the horses to drink, groans used to come up out of the ground, and at last they dug and dug, and there was his skeleton entire. Oh, that I should have such a thing done in my house in Glan Flodden. Poor, pretty lass! but then, five thousand down and the mortgage interest settled, and I haven't done it. No, I have only listened, and—"

Then began the walk again, and the wretched man, who had sold himself to evil, groaned such a fearful groan as went to the heart of Norah.

The night was bitter cold; a keen frost glazed the surface of the deep lying snow; the moon shone upon the whiteness; the air was still, rarified, cutting like breathings from Siberian wastes. A fire burned red and fierce in the grate in the squire's room; there was no lamp now, for the squire had turned off the light, and the effect of the mingling of the lurid glow of the fire with the pale beams of the moon in the sombre chamber, with its heavy hangings and oak carvings, and the distracted, restless figure of the squire pacing up and down in his figured dressing-gown, was startling, weird, awful. There was a window, a French window, opening upon a balcony; steps led down from this balcony to the lawn beneath.

Suddenly, the squire went and opened the French window, and the white moonbeams and the keen air came into the sombre room. He clasped his forehead and looked up into the heavens.

"Money, money," he groaned out; "how many souls hast thou sent down unto Tophet? Poor, little girl, young, beautiful, such deep, blue eyes—and I, too, have a girl safe with her mother now. This poor child had no mother."

The squire, the self-indulgent, drinking squire, the man of violent temper and brutal manners, was weeping.

"I shall never sleep again," he groaned out, "never, never! I shall drink brandy, but I shall see her face lying still and white under the cold waters of

the pond, always, always, always! I wish the place was burnt," he burst forth fiercely, at length, "only so that she could come again, alive and well, as she was last week when she sat at my table below."

Again the man who had sold himself to Satan and to Rokewood, groaned.

Norah, with palpitating heart watched him. She had stood during all this time irresolute on the landing. She might meet the murderers if she essayed to escape into the grounds through any door they had left open. They were engaged in plundering below, of that she was confident, but there were chances that she might encounter them somewhere in the great house. What if she crossed the squire's chamber and descended the steps on to the lawn?

The thought of awakening the sleeping servants was not once entertained by her after she had encountered the remorseless opposition of the strong and stubborn nurse. She might find friends to believe her among the servants or she might not. She might be recaptured, given up again into the power of Rokewood, and her testimony might avail her nothing, no escape.

"Once out of this house," she said to herself, "and I will never again come under the power of Rokewood. I will appeal to the Queen if all else fail."

Then swift as a moonbeam she darted across the squire's chamber. As she passed by the lurid gloom of the fire near which he sat he raised his head, startled by her footstep, and a wild cry burst from his lips.

He believed her dead, sleeping under the cold waters of the pond, with a wound in her heart, and here was Norah, tall, slender, in long sweeping black garments and with her pure pale face surmounted by the close travelling hat of fur.

She did not speak to reassure him; she felt that the master of the mansion had sold her to Rokewood, had trafficked in her blood, and that the agonies of conscience which he suffered were a just and righteous retribution.

"Already, already," he said; "already come from the dead to haunt me."

"What will the gold profit you, Squire Macray?" she said, "even if Rokewood pays it. Will it buy back sleep, sound and sweet, a clear conscience or a hope for the future?"

And then she stepped out upon the balcony and so down the steps into the garden.

She passed across the snowy lawn; her way into the high road lay by the side of the pond which she remembered so well on that night in late autumn when she had first sought shelter at Glan Flodden.

A cold shudder convulsed her frame as she placed her foot upon the narrow pathway. It was choked up with snow, indeed her feet were already soaked with wet, and she walked in the snow up to her ankles; the trees and bushes on each side of her were loaded with the white glittering jewels of winter, there was no wind stirring among the stiffened trees, which stood like bare skeletons under the night sky, and yet the horror of the place struck upon her even more fearfully amid the cold white stillness; oh, when would she have passed that terrible pool; its ugly secret lay hidden beneath it. Madame Diana, the guilty and pitiless Frenchwoman, lay under the glassy waters.

"The first of my enemies has been smitten down," murmured Norah. "Poor wretched creature, I would have saved her had it been possible; but how long before the vengeance of Heaven overtakes the arch fiend, Rokewood?"

She clasped her hands and looked passionately up into the night sky as she spoke.

Just at that moment came the sound of footsteps crunching upon the snowy pathway and the dead leaves, and then voices, the voices of the murderers. "Pitch her in here," said the voice of Chippenham.

"It's a heavy burden," responded the voice of the other miscreant.

Then Norah heard a loud splash in the cold glittering water. She crouched down and held her breath. Had they discovered their mistake; would they search for her? Nay she had escaped, the power of her Father in heaven had led her forth out of the reach of her foes, and she would not be driven into it again, she felt convinced.

She crouched down and listened, there was stillness again now, but presently Chippenham spoke: "I couldn't look at the—the girl at all, did you put a stone at the neck?"

"I had it ready sewn up in a cloth," responded the other, "and for this one too; it's all done now."

"Yes," responded Chippenham, with something like a dreary awful laugh. "Yes, it's all done now, and I hope Rokewood will be ready with the thousand pounds. It's little enough for the workmen who do the dirty business. How horribly that last woman struggled."

Lady Norah fancied that she heard the villain shudder.

"Ah, old Macray, who had nothing to do but to keep quiet, will have five thousand and more," cried Chippenham, in a burst of excitement. "I say that I will have more! I'll insist on another five hundred apiece. Did you hear a stir among those branches?"

Lady Norah had leaned against a bush rather strongly, and a tiny twig had broken off. Her heart beat so that she could hardly breathe.

"Give us the brandy flask," cried Chippenham, in a loud, excited tone. "A man must drink if he is to do work like this."

An oath wound up the sentence, and then a sound of drinking.

"I'm braver now," continued the miscreant, shaking his clenched fist, and laughing again; "it's nothing when you're used to it."

"Give the bottle here," growled the other man. "I tell you, Anthony," he said, after he had drunk some brandy, "that I saw something all the while we were carrying it down the stairs; I saw a procession—a priest and two or three men, sheriffs' officers, in black robes, and—a gallows standing against a dark winter morning's sky, and you and I walking in the midst towards it; I saw that the whole time."

"A truce to what you saw," burst forth Chippenham, wildly; "see, have you the silver cups, and the spoons, and the antique jewellery which we are supposed to have done it all for?"

"Yes, well, come on into the high road."

Merciful heaven, they must pass her close where she crouches under the bushes, their garments must brush hers; she closes her eyes; she prays.

They are passed, passed, their brutal voices die away in the cold night air, and then she arises and turns her steps towards the high road. A few paces brings her to the stile, she scrambles over, trembling the while in every limb, and now she is running along the road towards Yaworth village. She is going to the "Crown," there, casting herself into the arms of the good landlady, she will sob forth her tale of horrors, she will implore her to protect her from the interference of the well-meaning, but stupid rector, and she will ask news of her husband.

A mile was soon gone over in her then excited state. It was not long before the quaint quiet village with its spire, its few houses, its large inn, came into the road as it were in front of her. She went on to the inn and rang the bell loudly. A window was thrown up and the head of the kind landlady appeared.

"Oh! let me in, let me in," cried Norah, sobbing with excitement.

At once, hardly giving herself time to throw on a dressing-gown and slippers, the good landlady descended, unlocked the door, and received the weeping, trembling Norah in her arms.

"Pretty love," she said. "How I have thought of you; I felt sure there was something wrong."

Norah was by this time in strong hysterics. The tension of the nerves, the self command, the wild terror, and the miraculous escape, all overwhelmed her mind at once with a sense of awe. The calmness, the patience, the weak submission to imprisonment, suffering, and death itself, which had been her attitude, now gave place to a return of her old feelings of indignation against the wrongdoers.

"How long," she cried, "are they to ride so prosperously in their sin, wading in blood? It is so, dear madam, I have witnessed to-night two murders."

The landlady thought her mind was wandering through excitement and over fatigue.

"I have news for you, pretty one," she said, soothingly. "Somebody is here sleeping in a back room where he has heard nothing. I will call him to you. Drink some wine first."

Norah drank the wine and lay back weeping in an arm-chair. Every sound she heard made her shudder.

"Rokewood, Rokewood!" she murmured. "Oh, that I may die rather than be delivered again into his hands."

While she prayed thus the door opened and her husband, white with the delirium of joy, rushed into the room and caught her to his heart.

"My love, my life," he sobbed forth; "they had given it out that you had been sent on to Mayence, in Germany. To-morrow I should have started for that place. Where have you been? Tell me?"

"At Glan Flodden."

"I knew it, my heart told me so, and I lingered near. I have written to the Lord Chancellor, I have made applications for a search-warrant, all in vain; the law gives such power to a guardian. The world seemed against me—oh, Norah, Norah!"

He was mad with the ecstasy of his recovered bliss. Suddenly he started back in horror.

"What is this, my life, blood on your cloak, have you hurt your foot?"

"Murder," she gasped forth; "deadly murder."

Hammond, Rokewood must be overtaken, the very stones else will cry out against him."

Then she told him all.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

You shall hear the solemn, surly bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell.
Shakespeare's Sonnets.

RUTHVEN grasped the hand of the white haired keen-eyed man. "Have you an interest in Lady Viola Beaumont?" he asked.

"Am I interested?" repeated the stranger. His words sounded cold, but there was a tremor in his voice, notwithstanding which, the instinct of Ruthven taught him, was the consequence of repressed emotion. "I have some cause to be interested," continued the stranger, speaking now in hard, icy tones, "Business considerations, of course." He paused a moment, then continued: "Tell me your impression regarding the whereabouts of this young lady."

Ruthven did not hesitate; instinct stronger than reason prompted him to make a confidant of this tall, keen-eyed, self-possessed personage.

"We might be overheard here," he said, glancing about him.

The stranger took the hint. Ruthven only remained in the crowded *café* long enough to satisfy his hunger, and pay his reckoning. Then the two left together—the white-bearded man, and the supposed young priest.

The former called a carriage, for the snow was falling heavily, and the two gentlemen were driven off to a hotel, quiet and secluded for Paris, in a quiet street of the old quarter of the town. There, in a quiet room, with polished floor, white stove, yellow stuffed chairs and sofas, the tall stranger pronounced himself at home. He cast off his overcoat, and flung himself into a low seat; his velvet cap still pressed on his brow, his white, thick hair curled about his head in wild luxuriance.

Never had Philip Ruthven seen a more remarkable man.

"I have choice wines and rare French brandy close at hand," said the stranger, and he opened an old-fashioned press, and drew out a cigar case and several tall bottles. "Now, we will have up hot and cold water. You shall choose. We will smoke and carouse, and make a night of it."

There was an air of wildness and excitement now about the tall man which startled Philip, and roused something akin to suspicion in his mind.

The stranger laughed. His white, even teeth glittered in the lamp light.

"I see a gleam of distrust in your eyes, Sir Priest," he said. "I am quick at reading the feelings of the soul through the eyes. Yours, too, are honest eyes, and show quickly the feelings within. I give you leave to suspect me, young man, only do not allow your suspicion to stand in the way of the great object we both have in hand."

What that object was the stranger did not say, but Philip comprehended that he was anxious for the welfare of the Lady Viola.

The two gentlemen lighted their cigars, and, with the tall bottles between them on the table, sat down to their confidences. Ruthven, as we know, was naturally somewhat hot-headed and excitable. He drank a little wine, and his tongue loosened under the influence of the good Burgundy, as the scheming stranger intended that it should. Warning into an impassioned eloquence, the young and generous student told to the stranger the history of his love, his despair, the removal of the twin sisters, the escape of Viola, her capture, and the subsequent sufferings of Norah. He told him that another girl had been received into the convent school, under the name of Viola Beaumont, and had there died of consumption.

"And where is she now, the true Viola?" continued Ruthven, passionately. "If we appeal to the journals, to the public, to the law courts against Rokewood, what can our unsupported testimony avail there? He will point to the certificates of death and baptism. My single voice will avail nothing. I might go forward and swear that the girl who died was not Viola. Who would believe me?"

The stranger rose to his feet and paced the room with long, excited strides. Then he came and leaned heavily upon the shoulder of Ruthven.

"It was presumptuous of you, a penniless school-boy, to dare to love Viola Beaumont; but you have a noble heart, and if you find her I will aid to bring about your marriage, if it happen, in truth, that she responds to your affection."

"You are kind," replied Philip, a little haughtily; "but what can you have to do with her marriage?"

The stranger only answered by a low, bitter-sounding laugh, looking down at the floor the while.

"What indeed, what indeed?" he said. "What have I to do with her, or with you, or with—with—Rokewood." It seemed as if the name choked him. "Well

put more wood into that stove, Ruthven," he continued, for it is bitterly cold; drink more, smoke more, gird up your courage, for you must come out with me into the wintry night to search for Viola Beaumont."

The heart of Philip throbbed with a strange ecstasy.

"Where am I to search?" he asked.

"Listen, lad," the hand of the tall man was placed caressingly on his shoulder. "Yesterday, at midnight, I entered Paris, and my first thought was shelter—good rest, as you may suppose. I went to an hotel, called for coffee and other refreshments, and ordered a bed. While I was waiting for my coffee a man came into the room with the landlady—a man—one of that staff of officials whose business it is in foreign cities to visit all the hotels and take away the written names, ages, and employments of the boarders and lodgers. I gave him my name Ludovico Merhel, a Hungarian by birth, but with an English mother, which would account for my familiarity with that language. Fortunately, I am sufficiently at home in most foreign tongues. The two men talked before me of lunatic asylums, and of a young English girl called Annetta Rokewood, who was placed in a certain asylum. Now the name struck me at once; there is a cogent reason why the name of Rokewood should have power to stir me deeply. I am cognizant of several of the facts which you related to me to-night. I knew that Rokewood was miscreant before you told me so. I knew, besides, that he had reason to wish the daughters of the late miserably murdered earl out of the way. It struck me that they might have placed Viola in a lunatic asylum under the name of Rokewood. After that a chance whisper came to me of the daughter of an English nobleman dying in a convent school—the Lady Viola Beaumont. I placed the two ideas together. I felt God knows how—He must have taught it to me that the so-called Viola was no Viola, and that the girl at the asylum was the one whom I sought. I asked the road to the asylum. It lies two miles beyond the barrier in a lane. High walls shut in the court, the gloomy house frowns down upon the road; from the topmost windows only can any of the hapless inmates see into the lane. I reached this melancholy spot this morning at nine o'clock, the sun, despite fog and frost, was getting up red behind the roof. I stood under the opposite wall and looking up wondered if my—if I should see Viola, and I did see her standing at the window of a garret almost in the roof. She wore a white morning wrapper, her hair was dressed fashionably, her thin fingers rested against the frosty window frames, her face was pale and wan and mournful."

The stranger paused as if overcome by his emotion. Ruthven, excited beyond measure, sprang to his side and grasped his shoulder.

"Speak! speak!" he said. "For the love of God do not trifle with me. Viola Beaumont is precious to me as my own soul. More precious far than my mere life. Tell me, then, how did you recognise her if your tale be true? Where have you known her? Who are you?"

"I recognised her because her sweet face is impressed on my heart, and on my memory in fletters of fire which sear up my very soul with the fierce desire of a deadly vengeance. I have known her since she lay a tiny babe in her cradle. Two of your questions are answered. As for the last—work with me and believe in me, and you shall know who I am when Viola and Norah stand free and happy once more under the roof of Grand Court."

A wild thought came surging up in the soul of Ruthven. This man, this stranger, with his passionate eyes, and deep, proud, tender voice was—he—

We do not follow out the thought in words. We shroud for the time the personality of the white-haired, white-bearded man in the veil of mystery which he has himself assumed.

"Will you come with me to the Maison de Santé," said Ludovico Merhel. "Will you enter before day-break, and take part in the ceremony of interment of one of the hapless inmates? You may mingle in with other priests. I have laid a plan for the escape of Viola."

"I will do whatsoever you command," replied Philip, trembling with excitement. "Command me. Only explain why you object to appeal to the authorities? Why you cannot use fair means with the doctor at the head of this establishment. Why you seek for the risk of escape I fear for her. Understand, no amount of danger would daunt me; but what of the timid fawn herself. She may faint from fear and excitement. Whereas if the master of the house is a gentleman, and can be made to understand the truth, he would allow Viola to leave quietly with us."

The stranger burst into a bitter laugh. "Young man, you know nothing of the world. It is not the villany of Rokewood itself which we have now to

contend with, but simply the effects of it. He has given up Viola into the hands of officialism, professional vanity, and man's natural love of filthy lucre. He is wise enough. He knows that all those powers—worldly powers—not powers like his own—are still strong enough to fight his battles for him, and kill Viola by degrees without any really wicked or wrong intentions whatever. The doctor has been told she is mad. He has believed it, and now he would not own himself mistaken for the sake of all the lovers in the world. He is handsomely paid for retaining her. Will he kindly forfeit a large income to pleasure you, or her, or anybody? The Demoiselles de la Harpe forbade that wretched old Claverhouse to look upon the corpse of the consumptive girl. So would this Doctor Martini, though you brought over a whole swarm of English aristocrats who had known Viola from childhood, and meanwhile if we made any stir—any sensation whatever—the sweet child would be secretly removed, taken, perhaps, into Spain, or still farther. True, I could invoke the arm of the law, and I may confess to you that it would be a very strong arm in my case, but while all its heavy artillery was getting ready, sweet Viola might be carried into Asia—heaven knows where, still under this false name of Annette Rokewood. Then consider that this system of treatment would, in the end, bring about the very circumstance which Rokewood desires. What is now a gross falsehood, one which, as Shakespeare says, 'smells to heaven' with the rank odour of deceit and wicked fraud, might then prove real, true, and terrible. By dint of being constantly told that her name is Annette Rokewood, and that her ideas respecting Lady Viola Beaumont are but a delusion, the mind of Viola may give way, and in a few months she may become but the wreck of the being you and I have loved so deeply," continued Merhel, after a pause.

"I see the force of all you urge," cried Ruthven, eagerly. "Command me; tell me what you wish. What is your plan of escape for Viola? I will give my blood and my life to bring it to pass if they be needed."

"I trust not," replied Ludovico Merhel, with a gloomy smile, "but your priest's dress may help us enormously. This is my plan. Do you think you will have endurance enough to act upon it?"

"I have plenty of money," continued Ludovico Merhel, with a bitter smile; "and gold never fails to buy service. This morning, when I had recognised the face of Viola at the window, I was not long in gaining admittance to the porter's lodge, and finding out some of the domestic economy and the daily rules of this house of the Doctor Martini. It seems there is a piece of consecrated ground attached to the garden, and most of the mad patients who die within the walls of the establishment are buried therein. As many of the patients are so sufficiently well attend a morning mass at seven o'clock in the chapel attached to the burial ground every day. This morning some unfortunate creature is to be consigned to the dust. Many of the patients will attend the mass previous to the funeral service. Doctor Martini is a strict Catholic, and I suppose a well-meaning man in his way. Now, the porter, happily for me, is very poor; very anxious to save money, that he may set up a little inn in his native Norman village, and he is not a man inconveniently burdened with scruples either. He has a friend, a carpenter, equally poor, equally subservient, equally greedy.

"Ah! where—where in this world shall we find men swayed by any nobler motives," cried the stranger, passionately.

Then, clasping the shoulder of Philip, he said: "You, at least, have saved my faith in human nature, young man; but listen. The carpenter was yesterday to make a coffin black and with metal plates, through which will be holes to allow the fresh air to enter. Now, this coffin must come in with you to the grounds of the asylum, and you must take your place as a priest. You need not officiate, but you must draw near to the other priests. You speak French well enough to tell Dr. Martini that a certain Hungarian gentleman wishes his wife buried in the Maison de Santé, since her childhood was passed in a house which once stood on the very spot. You will take money with you, and the golden clink will speak volumes to the soul of the doctor. The two men, your accomplices, will help you in with the coffin, which must be weighted with stones, and put into the chapel garden. While you are waiting for the commencement of the mass, contrive to throw out the stones. Then, when the patients appear, address Viola as Annette Rokewood, commiserate her state. I am much mistaken if she will not at once read through your disguise, and comprehend that you have come to deliver her.

"Whisper her to follow you—under pretence of bringing her news from home, they will allow you, being a priest, to take her into the garden. There get her into the coffin and return to the service, telling

Dr. Martini that Annette is excited, and you have advised her to go to her room. Afterwards you must suddenly object to the burial-ground. You must affect some sudden repugnance, you must make some excuse, pay double to get out of the scrape, and the men must carry your coffin out for you. I shall be waiting in the lane to receive it. Viola steps out, a carriage is at hand, she escapes."

Philip shaded his eyes with his hands.

"Your plan is fraught with the most fearful difficulty. Why not, oh why not go forward to Dr. Martini, if he is to be bought with gold, and ask him to believe you, and to give Viola alive and scatheless to your care."

"Fish, fish, fish," said Ludovico Merhel angrily with a gloomy frown. "The man might listen to me, might accept five hundred pounds as earnest of more; but, on the other hand, since he receives, perhaps, two hundred yearly with Viola, since his professional reputation is at stake, since he believes Rokewood to be a mighty man, who could prosecute him, sue him at the law, and recover ruinous damages if he found him tampering with other people, and suffering a patient to escape, he would be fearfully close and cautious, and he would communicate with Rokewood before he listened to me, and then all would be up with the precious captive."

Ludovico threw up his hands with a despairing gesture, and Philip secretly vowed to devote himself to the scheme, wild and difficult as it appeared. The night wore on. Viola Beaumont, unconscious that help was at hand, weighed down by the terrible circumstances which had darkened her young life, lay wakeful and weeping in a small soft bed, and in a room with four others. She had been brought over to France by Chippenhain, watched during the whole journey as we have seen him watch her at the station. She had been placed under the care of Dr. Martini and his staff of nurses, without in the least comprehending that it was other than a school she had been brought to. When the villainy of the odious scheme became apparent to her, when she understood that the doctor, buried in his profession and in scientific research, was himself a victim to the machinations of Rokewood, and believed her mad, and believed her true name to be Annette Rokewood, she gave herself up to despair.

She was placed in a ward with three other harmless lady patients, who were considered like herself, melancholy, and labouring under a delusion. Dr. Martini could not understand English, and thus Viola was unable to argue with him in her mother tongue against the injustice to which she had been subjected. She could but protest in French, and weep and lament. She was not unkindly used. Her clothes were sent to her, but all the marks of her name had been carefully erased.

She was allowed to read and to practise music. She was well fed, and nobody insulted her, but she was not believed when she spoke of Rokewood, and told of her twin sister, and the various attempts on their lives. The doctor and the nurses only listened with pitying smiles.

Her heart was breaking; all means of communicating with her friends was denied her, and she had given up all hopes of escape.

On the dreary winter morning when deliverance was so near, she lay weeping until she heard the voice of the nurse saying:

"Is Mademoiselle Rokewood well enough to attend early mass this morning?"

She arose. There was something in the music of the mass which soothed her drooping despairing spirit.

She had a bath, the nurse assisted her to dress. She wore a black velvet robe, and descended into the garden with a hood over her ears, crossed the path from which the gardener had swept the snow, entered the chapel as she had entered it twenty times within the last two months, took her place with dreary apathy, sat down when the others sat, and knelt when they knelt. All at once above the monotonous chanting of the priests, and the deep boom of the organ, she heard these words "Viola, Viola, look up towards the left."

Was it a spirit voice? Was she called from this earth which had been naught to her save a prison-house ever since the death of her father?

She glanced up; there standing near the door where she could see the snowy gravel path, and a dark lanthorn which grew close to the porch, stood a young man in a priest's dress.

Ah, the eye of love is quick. She needed no second glance to make sure of those burning gray eyes, that faultless mouth and chin, that bright, anxious, intellectual face.

"Ruthven, Ruthven, faithful until death," she whispered to herself.

When the mass was over, he approached her, took her hands and said:

"How are you, Annette Rokewood?"

A deep flush, a look of sorrowful surprise came into her face.

"You, too?" she faltered.

But Philip was looking on the ground, and Dr. Martini stood by smiling.

"How is Miss Rokewood looking?" asked the doctor, in French.

"Charming," replied Philip, "but might I speak to her in the garden; I have news from her father."

Leave was given. Another moment and Viola was pacing between two hedges of yew, encircled by the arm of Philip Ruthven.

"Viola, that wall is too high to climb, and the porter dare not let you through the gates. There are half-a-dozen gardeners about the lodge. Ask no questions, life of my life."

He took her under a little stone alcove where was a large coffin. He raised the lid.

"Enter; there is a pillow, there is a mattress, there are breathing holes; lie down, I will have you carried outside."

With the blind trust of love Viola obeyed, and was locked into the wooden box. There she lay trembling, listening. Was Philip beside her? She could breathe easily through the holes, but the darkness was dreadful, the suspense terrible. She called to Philip. No answer: he was gone on his perilous message to the doctor. Presently heavy tramping feet of men entered. She was carried along, and then set down in the chapel where they were chanting a requiem for the dead.

Her heart sank. She felt inclined to scream, to cry out. No voice that she knew was near her. Then she felt herself lifted again, and carried towards the cemetery, the priests still chanting.

(To be continued.)

THE old quiet nook of Queen's Square, Westminster, is doomed. It is now a thoroughfare from a station of the underground railway to St. James's Park. The curious old house close to the park is now being pulled down. It has over each of its many windows a separate mask, and although there is small invention in them, they are worth saving for the Architectural Museum, as specimens of their olden day.

A LUCKY RELEASE.—Some curious disclosures with regard to bill-discounting were made in the Bankruptcy Court, in the case of the Comtesse D'Alteyrac; incidentally, also, a novel mode of obtaining release from Whitecross-street prison. A bill had been drawn by a Mr. Simpson, a financial agent, upon the countess, and accepted by her, although no value had been given for it, and the transaction ended in Simpson's incarceration at Whitecross-street. While there, he instructed a friend to investigate the character of the attorney who arrested him. It was discovered that he was not on the roll, and had not paid for his certificate. On this ground the prisoner was set at liberty without the payment of a single penny.

BISMARCK IN THE FIELD.—During the morning a personage of note had appeared on the field. A man of great stature and size, mounted on a strong black horse, rode into the group around the king. He was dressed in a plain dark frock, with yellow facings; wore the high boots and long straight sword of the Cuirassiers, and his dark massive face was covered with a huge helmet which appeared to have come out of some antiquary's collection, its broad projecting peak casting the upper part of his face into shadow. That helmet covered the brain which had set all the warlike machinery of the monarchy in motion on its path of conquest, for it was Count Bismarck who, in his secondary character of a Prussian general, now appeared among us. Close beside him sat Von Moltke, the strategist, whose forecast had given his aggressive policy such success; but whereas the profound military thinker was thin, and bent, and worn; the statesman, bold and stern of aspect, was perhaps the largest man on the field, and looked capable of upsetting in combat a brace of Cuirassiers. To the Englishmen whom he knew or who were presented to him he was very cordial, addressing them in excellent English. He continued to form part of the King's suite throughout the operations.

OFFICERS AND MEN IN THE PRUSSIAN ARMY.—A correspondent of the *Times*, who witnessed the late manoeuvres of the Prussian army, makes the following remarks on the relations of officers and men:—"In these manoeuvres the men have learnt many of those practical lessons which are of so much use to an army when called upon to engage in war, and which can, if not practised in peace, be only taught at the commencement of a campaign at the cost of efficiency, for then no errors can be rectified and no mistakes can be corrected. The officers have

learned to take charge of their men in the field, how to secure their comfort as well as to superintend their movements. And these lessons appear to be of great value, for although a very strict discipline is observed, in no army is the soldier treated with more consideration or kindness by his officers than in the Prussian. Not only are his complaints fairly heard, his grievances impartially adjusted, but in courtesy of tone and manner the Prussian officer is never wanting when dealing with the soldiers committed to his charge. From the King and the Princes downwards, every officer is personally interested in the happiness of those under his command, and, in small things as well as great, regards their wants and studies their interests. This is not wonderful, for in the Prussian army no officer can rise to high command by the mere effect of seniority alone; selection is blended with seniority, and as the army is a really practical force, which, it is recognised, may at any time be required for active service, the selection of officers is always judiciously made, and no personal, political, or social influence is allowed to interfere with the promotion of those who are deserving, and the suppression of those who are incapable of filling high positions, or of bringing their men into the field in as perfect as possible a condition of both body and mind."

TRUE LOVE AND FALSE.

CHAPTER VII.

WHEN his son had left him, old Bartholmæ paced the floor in agony of mind; his anger and shame were nearly equal, the sudden falling of the blow made it impossible yet for him to realise it fully. Yet he knew that now it was his duty to reveal the truth to the Garricks.

It was a terrible thing for the old man in every way.

He paced the floor, wringing his hands, and clasping them now and then to his forehead, he repeated: "I must tell them that my son is a villain—I—"

Then he looked at his watch. No time was to be lost; the hour for the wedding was close at hand. The Garricks were awaiting the bridegroom, who would never come to them. He saw himself, in the long glass, dressed for the wedding. Even his white gloves lay ready, and there was no time even to change these now uncomfortable garments. At once, to save Grace all he could, he must tell the tale of his son's perfidy. He from his soul believed that the young man would have committed the crime of marrying that good and beautiful girl while another claimed the name and position of his wife already; but there he did the unhappy young man injustice. Adolph was morally a coward, but not a villain; besides, he loved Maunette too tenderly to have insulted her so terribly, and respected Grace as he might a sister. Old Bartholmæ gave him no credit for this.

"He is as bad as his mother was," he said. "As false, as vile."

And then the old man wept bitterly, remembering the crushed hopes of his youth, from which had sprung the sorrow of his age.

At last, lingeringly and unwillingly, he took up his hat and started on his way to the farmhouse. He did not enter by the front door, but, as though he were guilty of some crime himself, which rendered it impossible for him to walk in boldly, stole to a side door, and stood there watching for some of the household.

Farmer Garrick was the first who met his gaze. The simple farmer was making ready for the festivities. He was whistling a merry tune, and looked well content with himself and all the world besides.

"Ah, neighbour," he cried, "here you are, eh! Come in, come in! How are you? Why, you are not well, are you? How pale you look! And you don't speak! What is it? What is it?"

"My dear friend," said the lawyer, grasping the hands of the farmer, "my dear, dear friend, don't ask me yet. Come into some room where we can be alone. Something is the matter. Don't let Grace see me yet—don't! Yes, I am wrong. Call your wife. She must know. She will help us with her woman's wit and her true woman's heart. I, for one, am not myself. I do not know how to—to—there, call your wife, dear friend; but, for heaven's sake, not Grace!"

"Heaven help us! Some great trouble only could make you look and speak thus," said William Garrick.

"It is a great trouble. No greater could have visited me," said the lawyer.

The farmer, trembling with anxiety, opened the door of a small room hard by.

"Walk in," he said. "I'll call my Betsy. You are right; she will know best what to do. Trouble, trouble, and there hasn't been a shadow on my heart."

I haven't felt a fear. Trouble, why it's come like a thunder-clap on this day of all days."

And the farmer hurried away to summon his wife to the conference which he knew could only reveal some great and unexpected calamity.

Soon they returned together, and stood before old Bartholmæ hand in hand.

"He is dead, is he not—our dear Adolph?" asked Mrs. Garrick. "Nothing else could make you look so."

"He lives," said old Bartholmæ.

"Then he is terribly ill, or wounded in some dreadful way, that is it. Ah, poor Grace; but it is not so bad as death."

"He is well, for aught I know," cried Bartholmæ. "I tell you, you who know how I have loved my son, that I would rather by far bring you news of his death than this news I come with. Better, better by far to have laid him in his coffin than to know what I know. Look at me, Garrick. Look you at me, kind, loving woman; tell me, do you think that I could be a party to any insult, slight, or wrong to your dear daughter? Tell me that."

"We could not dream of it," said Mrs. Garrick.

"Had the thought of his baseness ever entered my heart I would have exposed him," said the old man. "I was ignorant of all—I who lived in the same house with him; I who call him my son. An hour ago it burst upon me; an hour ago. See, I was dressed for the wedding, the wedding that cannot now take place, that—oh, how shall we tell Grace! Adolph is already married."

"Already married!" cried the mother. "Ah, he would not have deceived us all. He would not have dishonoured Grace by also marrying her. Oh, no! You are misinformed. It is a slander, a slander, a plot against the boy. I'll not believe it."

"I have it from his own lips. I have seen his wife. It is true that he is married, and I blush to utter the words, but I cannot doubt that his cowardly villainy would have carried him all lengths," said old Bartholmæ. "See, it was his wedding-day, and he had said nothing. He swore to me that he—but no; I believe no word he uttered. For two long years a dancing-girl whom he picked up on some stage in London has been his wife. A dancing-girl! Think of that. He has a child. It is no sudden thing of a week or a day. The duplicity, the hypocrisy of the fellow is the worst of it all. Can you hear me tell it, knowing me to be his father, and not hate and insult me? Oh, heavens! what a task to be flung upon my shoulders. I feel myself almost guilty of it all. I should have strangled such a wretch in his cradle."

"We cannot blame you. We feel sympathy with you," said Mrs. Garrick, weeping. "But Grace, poor Grace!—who shall tell her?"

Garrick, sullen and scowling, stood apart.

"It is well the fellow is not here," he said. "Is my child to be insulted so? All the town will know it. My poor Grace! It was wrong not to tell us before. The very breakfast is ready, the girl dressing upstairs. What hearts have you two, to lead her on so?"

"Before heaven I never guessed at this until an hour ago," said Bartholmæ.

"You must have had a guess at his wild ways at least. He must have spent a great deal to keep a wife as he would keep one. You might have known. There, there, forgive me. I don't believe you did; but I'm thinking of my girl. Mother, do you think it will kill her? It's not the grief alone, but the shame."

"She has no cause for shame," said Bartholmæ. "It is my son alone who should feel that. May he suffer every pang that can make a human heart ache."

"Hush! he is your son," said Mrs. Garrick.

"From this day I cast him off," said old Bartholmæ. "From this day he is mine no longer. Though he lay dying at my door, I would not forgive him. Should he starve before my eyes, I would not cast him a crust of bread. Son! no, I never had a son. My son could never prove himself so contemptible a villain."

"Great heaven!" burst forth the farmer, "who will tell Grace? How shall we tell her? My poor, poor Grace!"

"I will tell her," said the mother, "and God will teach me how."

Then all her fortitude abandoned her, and she flung herself weeping on her husband's bosom.

"God may forgive him," said the farmer, "but I never can. Two years—and all this while he has courted her—all this while he has deceived us in every way. Who asked him to love Grace? Many a man better in every way would have been glad to win her. She's beautiful and good, and not poor either. We never asked your son to marry our daughter. When you told me he wished it, it seemed well enough to us; but it was not our doing. The

first word was spoken by you. Ah! neighbour you are to blame. You might have known your own son better."

"Yes I am to blame," said old Bartholmæ. "I was as blind as a bat; but you see, I—I—I—loved the boy. I trusted him." Sobs impeded his utterance.

Mrs. Garrick gave him both her hands.

"No," she said; "my William is wrong—forgive him; you are quite blameless. We are all distraught; let us not quarrel with each other. I must go to Grace, to my poor girl! my poor, poor daughter!"

"And if it should kill her?" said the lawyer.

A flash of pride darted from the mother's eyes.

"Mr. Bartholmæ," she said, "my girl has been insulted; doubtless she will be shocked, grieved, greatly shaken, but she will never die for so bad a man as your son. She will cast him at once and for ever from his place in her heart, and prove herself strong enough to forget him."

Then she swept from the room, leaving the men looking after her. Under the overlaying sweetness of both mother and daughter was stuff that neither of them had ever guessed at.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE stranger who had called himself Seth Atherton followed the head of the little band of burglars through the woods for some half hour or so, until, at the end most remote from the village, they came to a cluster of houses, or rather hovels, which, even by the faint light of moon and stars were repulsive in their shabbiness and squalor. Into the first of these the burglar limped without ceremony. A woman on a low stool in the middle of the room started to her feet as they entered, but sat down again on the instant.

"It's only you, captain," she said: "ye frightened me. Yer lookin' for the boys?"

"It's all right, Biddy," said the burglar. "This is a new pal. Is supper ready?"

The woman replied by whisking her chair away, and lifting a breadth of rag carpet that lay before the fire. This disclosed a trap-door, which, being flung back, revealed a short flight of steps leading into a sort of cellar, in which bright lights were burning, and whence came a smell of cooking, delicious to one who had fasted so long as Seth Atherton.

"I'll make fast the door, an' go down and dish up," said the woman, lifting a bar into two crevices especially prepared for the purpose on either side of the rude outer door, and dropping a curtain over the window.

Then, as she followed the men into the cellar, Biddy seized a ladle and flew towards a great pot that boiled and bubbled in a rough but serviceable fireplace.

"Biddy," said the burglar. "Set the liquor ready, and go up and keep guard. We have business to talk over."

"Your name is Seth, you told me," he said. "Will you keep that name among us?"

"As well as any other; let the last one go," said the man.

"Good," said the burglar. "You have seen all now. We don't pledge you to secrecy; pledges and oaths don't amount to much. If you betray us, your life is worth nothing, you know that. We trust you for the same reason. The rest of the world are agin us, and we agin them. One of our boys used his pistol too free a spell ago, and it's gone agin him. I'm done for, as you see. We want a pal. Your genteel face and ways will help us. You ain't known either, and you have pluck. You'll try it to-morrow. Monday night we go to old Garrick's house, a rich old farmer, who does his best to grind the poor. He does," and the robber uttered a string of oaths "He has sworn to kill any man that robs his house, or barn, or orchard. He gave me the wound that will make me a cripple all my life. I've sworn that while there's a thing left for him to lose he shall lose it. Some day I'll do him greater harm, but I can't just now. He has lost horses, cows, chickens. Once we took him on the road with a bag of sovereigns. He knows he's marked. He's afraid of us. He has reason. Why, he offered two hundred pounds reward for my arrest two months ago. Whatever others may know of it, he is always expecting us. Whoever goes into that house walks as near death as man dare go."

"I'd go myself, the boys know it, if I could. I can't, and I'm going to give you my place. You must hide in that man's house, poison the watch dog, unbar the door, and let the boys in. I must wait with the horses in the graveyard—I, who would give all the swag and more to stand over that man's bed, with a pistol at his ear."

"There, I don't ask you to do that. I ask that of no one. It wouldn't do me any good if I didn't fire the shot myself. Your part in Monday's play is laid out for you. Are you afraid to act it?"

"Not I," said Seth Atherton. "I'll play the game out. Satan must be growing proud of me, I fancy. I expected a good deal of myself, but not quite this. As for danger, I tell you I like that. It's no empty boast. I'm not brave. I don't care for life. I care for nothing; why should I? I'll lead your most forlora hope."

He folded his arms and laughed. The brandy he had swallowed shone in his eyes and flushed his face. He was absolutely intoxicated now, and so madder than ever; ready for anything, no matter what.

"It's best that none of us old hands should be seen betwixt this and then," said the burglar. "As for you, we trust you, you know. We don't suppose you'd play us false, but—we can't let you far out of sight until this job is over. There's plenty here to eat and drink, and a good rest will be the best thing for us with to-morrow's work afoot. We'll travel all night with the swag, and have it in the melting-kettle by daylight. We shall lose by that, but old Garrick will ransack heaven and earth for the silver, and a marked spoon would do the business for us. It's a good haul as it is though, boys. Well, that's right. We're no more to think about until sundown to-morrow."

After this they drank in silence until the whole party were pretty well stupefied by liquor; then, showing their new companion his sleeping place—a mattress and blanket in the corner—the robbers tumbled, dressed as they were, into their own beds, and soon the whole gang were sound asleep and snoring, Seth Atherton with them. Only, through the force of gentlemanly instinct, strong even still, Seth had undressed himself and gone to bed like a Christian.

CHAPTER IX.

GRACE GARRICK was dressed in her bridal garments. They say that brides are always beautiful. It was certainly true in this instance. Never before had she looked so lovely.

They had left her alone in her room at her request; and, thankful for her great happiness, and anxious that she might fulfil every duty of her new position, she knelt down to ask aid of the One to whom she had been taught to turn in hours of joy as well as hours of sorrow. Solemnly and yet joyfully the bride communed with heaven; and when the prayer was finished, sat awaiting her bridesmaid's summons with no shadow of fear or anxiety upon her soul. She did not guess that it was growing late. She looked about her little room, with its many tokens of her girlish life. Was it possible that she was to leave them all for ever—that she should so soon take upon herself the title and duties of a wife.

Little did Grace think, as she sat there, wrapped in a reverie, that any eyes were upon her; yet, through the crevice of the door which opened into a long dark wardrobe, a man was watching her every movement. It was Seth Atherton. An hour before, still in his mad mood, he had stolen into the house, for the purpose of hiding himself in some spot, where he might remain concealed until the dead hour of the night, at which he was to admit his comrades. Here he had been lurking ever since. It was in moments but a short time, but short as it was a change had taken place in him which was, to himself, perfectly incomprehensible. He was no longer the wicked and desperate man who had been willing to commit any deed, however disgraceful. He was covered with remorse and self-abasement. From the first entrance of Grace into this little room he had begun to alter. He had listened to her prayer, to her self-communion, and had said to himself: "She is an angel, and without flaw or blemish; perfect heart and soul and body. And I am here to admit, beneath the roof which shelters her, such scoundrels as the men I have just left. I am here to plunder her home, and make her bridal night perhaps the scene of conflict and bloodshed. Oh! better that I had died in the woods yonder; far, far better." Then it came into his mind that to protect her, to interpose his own life between her and harm, would be to grasp at once all of happiness this world ever could contain for him.

If God had only sent me so sweet a woman I should have been a better man," he sighed softly to himself. Then he crouched down and looked at her more closely. "Grace," he whispered to himself, for he had heard her name—"Grace" was over name so fitting? How lovely her face; how delicate her form; how exquisite the bust beneath those snowy folds of lace and satin—beautiful! beautiful! "He felt his heart thrilling with soft tenderness, as though there were somewhere in his soul a hope that she might yet be his. His! why, he was mad. This was her wedding eve, and he—ah! a movement, a sound, and she would summon those who would seize upon him as a felon.

He had entered that place of concealment with evil intent, it was true, but now all the madness that had driven him on was gone. He had sworn to protect her home from injury, and only remained where he was because of the impossibility of departure.

He had come to the resolution that if he remained undiscovered he would go boldly down to meet the men with whom he had so madly joined himself, declare his intention of defending the dwelling with his life and so die; or, being detected, would reveal all, so that those of the household themselves might be ready for the depredators.

And if he died at her threshold—died for her—she would never know it. Again that strange fancy that she was destined to be nearer and dearer to him than any other mortal upon earth, took possession of his heart. This was it perhaps—that he should die for her. Ah, if only, as he died, she could touch him with her plying hand, look at him with those gentle loving eyes of hers! Oh, how this conscience smote him! How abject and guilty he was, but no longer mad and wild as before.

If he could but live to retrieve the past. If he could but win name and fame, and be known by her as a man worthy of esteem. Alas! that might never be—never, never. The one good that he could do would be to defend her and her home with his life's blood.

That he would do—he vowed it.

This man had been very, very rich. He had seen much of society; he knew, or had known, women of every rank, and he had believed that he loved more than once. Now, he felt that he had never done so. Never in all his life had he loved as he might have loved this girl. He bowed his head and wept—weeping softly—gentle tears, like a woman's or a child's. It seemed that he must begin the life anew that held such sweet possibilities.

And it was, in all human probability, over for him—done and past, to all intents and purposes.

He could not live, having played these men false. He was doomed, one way or the other, either to disgrace or death. Without, they kept watch upon the house at that very instant.

But nothing seemed so terrible to Seth Atherton as the thought that she might see him dragged from his hiding place, might know him only as a contemptible and cowardly thief—he bred a gentleman, a man of education—he who mysteriously, inexplicably, already loved her.

He held his very breath. His eager eyes alone moved, following her as she arose and moved about the room. All that evil, moody look was gone from his face, and it had grown absolutely beautiful.

Suddenly a little whining noise was heard. Flora, Grace's pet spaniel was crying for admittance without in the little entry. The bride opened the door; the little animal frisked into the room, and fawned upon her with every mute token of joy. Seth Atherton gave a sigh of despair. He knew what would follow, and waited, with his heart in his mouth. Flora danced about the room, pulled at her mistress' dress, wagged her tail gleefully, barked merrily, mounted on the table and looked out of the window for her enemy the cat, made sure she was not in sight, and returned to Grace.

For ten minutes she did nothing but play about the apartment. Suddenly she became grave, and stood still and listened; she ran around the room looking for something, her nose suspiciously poked into all sorts of out-of-the-way corners. At last she paused before the long wardrobe, and began to bark furiously, and to endeavour to force her way through the little crevice to which Seth's eye had been glued for so many moments.

"Confound the dog!" muttered Seth Atherton. "There's no hope now. She says, 'There is some one hidden here,' as plainly as though she had a tongue."

But Grace, quite unconscious of her dog's meaning, only laughed at her.

"Be quiet, Flora," she said. "Be quiet, doggie."

But the dog would not be quiet; it barked more furiously than ever.

"Come here, Flora," said Grace; but Flora only gave a loving little whine, and refused to stir.

Grace arose, and came towards her.

"Is pussy there?" she asked. "Poor puss! If I open the door you will fly at her, and have your eyes scratched out for your pains. It must be puss. She is your worst foe."

The dog wagged its tail, and said as plainly as dog might, "Come now, I've told you all. Open the door, and let me punish the man who has presumed to hide himself there."

Grace only laughed again.

"Poor pussy!" she said. "No, you shall not have her. Lie down, Flora."

Again she took her seat, but the dog would not be quiet; its fury grew intense. In the midst of it a cry at the window startled Grace. Puss stood up at the panes, crying for admittance.

"Puss is not there, then," said the bride.

Flora barked as much as to say, "Who thought she was there?"

"Something is there," said Grace. She grew

grave; even a little look of alarm crept over her face. She put her hand upon the wardrobe door.

"You ridiculous little creature," said Grace. "Perhaps it is a rat—I hate rats, I am afraid of them. I won't let one out just now. I'm a bride, Flora, don't you know that? I am shut up here like a wax doll in a box."

Again she sat down. The dog, nearly convulsed with excitement, furiously scratched and pawed the wardrobe door again.

Seth Atherton's heart beat less rapidly. Fortune might favour him after all.

Five minutes passed—ten—then Grace, grown weary of the dog, endeavoured to coax or drive it from the room. Flora refused to go. At last, in pure despair, the bride turned the handle of the door, opened it, and ran away. No rat came out. Within all was dark. "You see it is empty, Flora," said Grace.

But Flora did not see that; she dived in and made at the legs visible from beneath the folds of pendant gowns and cloaks, snapped, but barked and came out again, pulled Grace's dress, and returned to the charge with renewed spirit.

"Is anything there?" cried Grace.

She put her head into the closet, and drew it out again with a low cry.

"There's some one hidden there!" she gasped in a faint voice, and sunk into a chair.

Seth Atherton, knowing all hope ended with those words, remained hidden no longer; but walked deliberately from his place of concealment, and stood directly before the terrified girl, in the full glare of the lamp lights.

"It is a man," cried Grace, "or something like one! Oh, what shall I do? what shall I do?"

"It is one who shall not harm you, lady," said Seth Atherton, in a shame-stricken voice. "Do not fear anything. I would rather die for you than injure you."

Grace, with both hands clasped over her heart, sat absolutely incapable of crying out or stirring from her seat.

She stared at the approaching form with eyes that dilated like those of a terrified gazelle; and Seth Atherton, alarmed by the express on of her countenance, and hoping thus to assuage her terror, advanced and flung himself at her feet.

Until that moment Grace had felt rather superstitious than natural terror of the object that so suddenly confronted her. There were two reasons for this; in the first place it seemed impossible that any human being could have contrived to secrete himself in this place; and secondly, all her preconceived ideas of burglars were widely different from the figure now before her—tall and elegant, dressed in the latest fashion—the dimness of the room concealing the fact that these once costly garments were quite threadbare, walking as only a man of the world ever walks, and wearing one of those glossy luxuriant beards which seem the special property of men of position. Moreover, the emotions which battled within the young man's bosom blanched his cheek to a death-like pallor; and his great eyes, glittering and dilating until they were almost twice their usual size, fixed upon her face as no human eyes had ever been before. There was an old story connected with the homestead which gave it a ghost, young, handsome, and a victim to love and jealousy. Upon this spectre Grace believed for a moment that she looked.

Yet when Seth sunk upon his knees, at her feet, this illusion vanished. She uttered a little gasping cry, and speech returned to her.

"What are you? Who are you? and what do you want with me?" she cried. "Ah it is really a man, a living man. Help, father!"

She sprang towards the outer door as she spoke. Seth interposed his person to prevent her reaching it. "Madam," he cried, "listen to me for one moment. I mean you no harm; I would do you none to save my life. I ask for mercy. I have no right to ask it, but I plead for it as I might with an angel. You are as good and merciful as one, I am sure, just as you are as beautiful. I pray you not to fear me, and to listen to me."

Grace Garrick looked at the speaker in amazement; she could not comprehend the motive of his presence, but all her terror was gone.

"I am not afraid of you," she said, and I will listen. Speak on. If you have much to say, make haste, for in a little while they will come for me. I—I—and she looked at her wedding garments.

"Yes," said Seth Atherton, "it is your wedding-day. Heaven make it a happy one to you. If such a woman's hand had ever rested in mine, if I had ever called such a woman wife, my life might now have been a different one. I came here to-day a madman, desperate and dangerous. I have looked upon you. I have listened, forgive me, lady—to your words and to your prayers; and my senses have returned to me. See myself as I am, vile beyond



CHANGED INTENTIONS.

expression, but not vile enough to injure you. Promise me a little mercy, lady, promise, promise!"

"It is not for mortals, who need God's mercy, to be cruel to each other," said Grace. "I promise, but cannot understand why you are here, or how you came here, or what you mean. It seems all like some strange dream, from which I must awaken."

"I came here, lady," said Seth Atherton, "as any thief might come. I could trump up some story which might move your compassion, perhaps, but I will tell the simple truth."

"You, you a thief!" cried Grace. "You do not look like one. You do not speak like a creature of that kind. You look like a gentleman."

"By birth and education I was one, lady," said Seth. "I have been very wealthy, very. No matter, it is all over. I lost both wealth and friends through my own fault. I became penniless—homeless. On Sunday night, Sunday when the church bells were ringing, I passed through this town and went into the woods beyond it to die. I cast myself down among the tall shrubs and rank grass. Soon all would have been over with me, but Satan could not let me rest even then."

"You frighten me," said Grace, for Seth had relapsed into a certain wildness of manner and speech. "I shall call for help, if you glare at me so."

"Forgive me," said Seth. "But hear and you shall judge if Satan was not there. To the spot where I lay came three burglars, to plan an entrance into a certain dwelling on a certain night. A movement which I made discovered me. I was dragged from my hiding-place, and forced to choose between death and infamy. I chose infamy—I became one of their number. Remember, I was mad. I hated the world. These men were its enemies. I felt that I might revenge myself on mankind. The life seemed a wild and glorious one. Oh! I was mad, mad, indeed! The fiends had no blacker heart, than I had then—no worse one. I pledged my life to assist them in this enterprise, of which I had overheard the particulars. The plot was against the master of this house."

"My father!" cried Grace. "My father! He may be in danger, then. Oh! let me fly to him and warn him!"

"There is no danger yet, madam," said Seth. "I swear there is none. This house, as you know, is too well defended to give much hope of success in an attack upon the outside. Consequently I was chosen to conceal myself within, and admit the robbers. At an opportune moment I reached this little room. I had been concealed there but five minutes when you entered; from that moment a change came over me;

I repented; I suffered remorse and shame. I became Seth Atherton once more, and felt how utterly and irreparably I had disgraced myself. And oh! forgive me that I dare to say so, I, who must be contemptible in your sight; to injure you would be impossible; to die for you would be a blessing too great to hope for—"

"But my father!—the attack!" panted Grace; "whence will it come; and how?"

"At two o'clock they expect me to open the door for them," said Seth. "I would as soon open the door of heaven to Satan; and indeed it would be now, as you know, impossible for me to do so. You can easily give warning, which will enable others to entrap these men. There are but two who can approach the house. The captain of the band, who was shot and crippled by your father in a former attempt at burglary, will be behind the church in the graveyard with the horses. Be calm; all is in your hands. I swear every word that I have uttered is true. And now grant me one favour: let me retire into that closet once more, and wait five minutes before you summon aid."

"There is no means of escape in that closet," said Grace. "I do not know what—" Then she interrupted herself with a little cry. "Ah, wretched man!" she screamed, "you want to kill yourself. I understand you. You mean to kill yourself. I give you an opportunity to do that! I! no, I will call help at once."

"Death is better than a felon's doom," said Seth Atherton. "But call aid if you will—refuse me the privilege of dying before my shame is made public, if you choose. It is your right to withhold even that mercy."

Grace put her hand to the key of the door.

"You have unlocked it!" said Seth. "You are about to call them."

"I have locked it," said Grace. "I will call no one. Fear nothing. I believe every word you have uttered. You shall not die; you shall not be disgraced; you repent, I believe, sincerely. Give me the pistol you have about you, at once; give it to me, I say."

Seth put his hand into his bosom, and drew forth the weapon hidden there.

"Did you fear that I would turn it against you or yours?" he asked, with a sad smile. "I cannot blame you if you did. Now I am unarmed; they may come in safety."

"No one shall come," said Grace. "I pity you; I am not afraid of you. It was to save you from yourself I took that weapon from you. See, I lock it in this drawer."

She suited the action to the word as she spoke, and

returned to the spot where Seth stood with folded arms and head bent down upon his bosom.

"I can give you your freedom, I think," said Grace. "Perhaps I am mad to do so; but I trust you. Promise me that you will not return to your evil associates, and that you will lead a good and honourable life if I do so; else I have done very wrong and very foolishly."

"Heaven knows I promise that from my soul," said Seth; "but you do not mean this, madam? You cannot be so merciful to one who has confessed such evil intentions towards your household—to a thief whom you discovered hidden in your room—one utterly undeserving of such clemency?"

"Swear that you have told the truth again," said Grace. "Swear that you will retrieve the past, if possible, and I will free you."

"I swear, by my soul!" said Seth.

"Listen, then," said Grace. "Return to that closet. Wait there an hour. Then come out. You will find these upper rooms empty. Cross the entry, and you will see a little brown door. It opens upon a staircase, which is never used. Follow it, and you will enter an empty lumber-room; open the window, and you can step out into the garden and so escape. At the end of our farm—the western end—the stage for—passes at eleven. Take it, and you are safe. At eleven I shall tell the story you have told me to others. I can do no more, but I pity you, oh! I pity you, and I believe that you were mad, as you say you were. And I pray heaven to forgive and aid you. There is someone coming. Hide yourself at once. Lock the door on the inside, and when the clock strikes next, do as I bade you."

Seth Atherton burst into tears, and, bending reverentially, kissed the hem of the wedding veil which Grace wore—the spotless wedding veil, type of her maiden purity and loveliness.

"Heaven bless you, lady," he said. "I will worship your memory. If any good ever befalls me you have caused it. If any act of mine finds favour in the sight of heaven, you have given me time to accomplish it. May every blessing life can bring be yours. I—I have no words in which to thank you; believe me grateful—believe me penitent."

"Go!" cried Grace; "someone comes—conceal yourself, and remember my instructions."

She urged him towards the little room. He entered it; the door closed. The next instant the voice of Mrs. Garrick was heard without.

"Let me in Grace!" she cried. "Open the door. It is your mother, Grace!"

Grace Garrick opened the door.

(To be continued.)



[FOUND AT LAST.]

THE DOWAGER'S SECRET.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE Baroness Hildegarda had a feverish red on her cheeks, and her hands shook with nervousness when Liebet brought Max for his mother's kiss, just before the carriage was ready for the dowager's morning drive with the heir of Grafenstein. The boy had never looked lovelier, and the fond mother, with pardonable pride, kissed him again and again, as she tied across his pretty Highland dress, a bright, silken scarf, gay with the McGregor plaid.

She held him in her arms with a strange reluctance to let him go, with a wistful, yearning tenderness that was almost pain.

"Come straight to mamma, Max my darling, when you are home from the ride," she said, "and kiss me once more."

He flung his arms around her neck, and kissed her half a dozen times.

"There! will that do? grandma says you will make me a silly boy, that I shan't be brave and smart like the Grafensteins, if you pet me so much. But I can love you, and be a Grafenstein too, can't I?"

"Is it so much to you already, this being a Grafenstein?" sighed the baroness.

The little fellow drew himself up with manly pride.

"Why, of course it is, mamma. I am to be the Baron of Grafenstein."

She caught him in her arms and kissed him again with something like passionate remorse, and then the dowager's voice was heard calling impatiently, and Max ran to meet her.

The Baroness Hildegarda paced the room nervously, when he was gone, and murmured:

"What strange, brooding gloom hangs over me? He said truly he was a Grafenstein. Will anything I am going to do now result disastrously to Max? And yet, how dare I hesitate? It is not for my own sake, nor for Count Scheffer's, but for the right, that I bring about this investigation."

There was no more time for deliberation. Three cloaked figures came hastily across the courtyard, and from her oriel window she saw them pass around towards the outer stairs at the rear of the rambling old building.

She put on her scarf and glided quietly out up to the higher story, and with her own hands opened the great door which gave them admittance.

She held out her hand in silence, and a slow crim-

son came into the pale face, while the count kept it so lingeringly in his tender clasp.

"My brave little heroine!" he whispered, "let us hope this is the end of our suspense, as well as the solution of all the mystery."

She only sighed softly, for somehow the thought of Max lay heavy on her mind.

"And these, I suppose, are Herr Wohler and the young man, poor little Tessa's friends," she said.

The two gentlemen showed her sternly controlled but yet deeply agitated faces, while they bowed with the utmost respect.

"Come," she added, "there is but little more than an hour before the dowager returns. We have no time to lose. I have provided tapers and a lantern if its should be needed."

She led the way promptly to the oaken corridor. Somehow, the broad daylight had dispersed the uncanny feeling and the awe. She put her hands to the panel, refusing, by a deprecating gesture, the count's proffered assistance, and it swung obediently to the skilful, initiated touch.

"Come," said the baroness, stepping in, and turning back to them a countenance pale as a lily now, but with resolutely gleaming eyes.

The two gentlemen were prompt to obey. The light from the open panel penetrated half way down the stairs, and there faded out; but the baroness drew from under her mantle a small lighted lantern which illuminated the way sufficiently for them to tread it safely. They reached the barred doorway; all was utter silence and desolation. It seemed as the group gathered there that each one could hear the beating of the other's fearful heart. The same terror struck home simultaneously to each.

What if it were too late? or if discovery of the baroness's visit had caused the removal of the mysterious prisoner?

Herr Wohler rushed to the door and leaned against it heavily.

"Tessa, Tessa," he cried, "my singing-bird, are you there behind these cruel prison bars?"

No answer—silence still.

The poor old man fell down on his knees, his voice a wild wail, and Konrad, his lips ashen gray in their cold pallor, added his voice.

"Tessa, Tessa, are you there?"

Now the strained ears caught at last a faint movement, a stir within, and then a moment after a faint, sad voice spoke drearily:

"Oh, I was dreaming! I thought they called me, Father Franz and Konrad—a mocking, mocking dream."

"That pure, silvery voice. There is no other like it, for all its faintness," Father Franz sobbed out in a transport of joy, and Konrad's strong frame shook like a leaf in a tempest, as he cried out:

"Tessa, Tessa, it is no dream. We are here. We have come to liberate you."

They heard the light feet come bounding across some space between. They knew when her eager arms were flung embracingly against the solid doorway.

"Oh, joy—oh, unutterable joy! Father Franz and Konrad here. Then is my weary imprisonment over; then am I safe, and all this incomprehensible mystery will be explained. Speak again, Father Franz? Speak, Konrad?"

"My darling, my treasure!" ejaculated the old *maestro*, kissing the mouldy plank in the very ecstasy of transport.

"Where are the locksmith's tools?" cried Konrad, plunging his trembling hands into one pocket, and then another, and adding in a fierce, savage voice, as he found them at last: "This accursed bolt shall not hold her long."

"Hold!" exclaimed a clear, high voice with a certain nervous tremor in its articulation; "it is easier entrance to use the key."

Everyone turned in vague consternation, to see the tall figure in the sable dress standing before them, with an outstretched hand, holding the massive key.

"The baroness dowager!" exclaimed Count Scheffer.

Hildegarda plucked timidly at his sleeve.

"It cannot be. The dowager has gone with Max in the coach. There is some strange *denouement* to come."

Meantime the stranger flung back her veil, and showed that singular face in its frame-work of silver hair.

"The prophetess!" ejaculated Herr Wohler.

"Aye, and a true prophetess. I told you that you should find your treasure again. Your perseverance has forestalled my plans, and hastened the *denouement*. Take the key and bear away that jewel from this dismal casket, but remember that I have kept it securely to save it from its deadly enemy."

Konrad snatched the key and opened the door. A slender figure in a quaint dress—evidently purloined from the ancient chests in the old wardrobes—with loose curls flying around her neck, and a pale face, but glorious eyes aglow with transport, glided out.

Konrad had the first grasp, the earliest tender embrace, and then Tessa crimsoned to the very forehead

beneath the young man's kiss, which seemed to stamp a sovereign seal on the sweet lips, threw herself into the old *maestro's* arms, and hid tears, smiles, and blushes all upon that faithful, loving breast.

The Baroness Hildegard wiped her streaming eyes, and even the strange, white-haired woman dashed off the moisture clinging to her eyelashes.

"We have found her! we have found her!" cried Father Franz, again and again, in his ecstasy of transport. "We have found our lost treasure, our priceless jewel. Oh, your ladyship, how can we thank you enough for the help you gave us."

"Ha! her ladyship! Then it was the Baroness Hildegard who has been spying upon the secret passage," repeated the unknown, with emphasis. "Does her ladyship guess who it is she has thus helped back to the world? Do any of you know just of what value this restored gem will be reckoned, in the world's way of stamping jewels?"

"No one here suspects," answered Count Scheffer, "no one but myself. But be sure the Baroness Hildegard will welcome any proof you may be able to bring."

"And the dowager baroness?" questioned the woman.

"Let her reap the reward of her pride and sin," returned the count, sternly.

The unknown passed her hand slowly across her forehead, as she murmured more to herself than to them:

"My plans were not quite matured, nevertheless the truth must come out now. I would that its retributive justice might only reach the one evil heart that planned all."

"You need not fear," answered the count, quickly. "The Baroness Hildegard and her son belong to me. My name and fortune will shield them from any harm from this revelation."

Hildegard had both hands clasped over his arm. She turned her blanched face upon the woman in wild appeal.

"You must not harm Max; you must not ruin my boy," she cried.

The count held her hands, and looked into her face with loving compassion.

"Hildegard—can anything harm him so much as a living lie, an acted baseness? Safe folded in the arms of your love and mine, with Count Scheffer for this tender father, do you think any shafts of worldly scorn can reach him?"

She burst into a wild flood of tears.

"But, Oscar, that dreadful oath. She will never yield me to you."

"Let us wait and see," returned he, hopefully.

"This revelation fastens upon her cruel hands an iron vice that has keenest torture. Her proud heart shall writhe, her iron will shall bend."

"Shall it not?" laughed the unknown, in bitter scorn; "where is she? I want her here. I want to see her start of dismay and consternation when she looks upon this young girl's face, the face she believes lying there in the dead-house, secured from any rising to demand its rights of the haughty house of Grafenstein. Pardon me, good friends. I wrung your hearts with hers, but I could not help it, for I knew it was imperative for the safety of the girl that the Baroness Dowager of Grafenstein believed her dead. So I conjured up the farce of the other day. I waited a little to find a corpse of the right age, with such hair—that lustrous golden brown is a rare tint. It was easier to forge the Grafenstein rose-leaf. Where is the dowager baroness? I shall lose half my reward if I speak in her absence."

"Let us go back into the ante-room," said Count Scheffer; "it is damp and cold here for the ladies. Are you willing, Hildegard?"

"I have no voice at all. I seem to feel as if I had not even the right to ask you there," she returned, in a stifled voice.

"Here is one other, who may safely invite us," said the stranger, exultantly. "Theresa, only child and sole heiress of Carl, eldest son of Baron Jolf, long and feloniously usurped by the machinations of her little dethroned Max."

Kourad's hand fell away from Tessa's in sudden awe and amazement. The Baroness Hildegard gave one little ejaculation, and was silent, but the Count Scheffer said, quietly:

"I knew it the moment I went to the piano that night. I saw the Grafenstein rose-leaf on her shoulder, and when I saw the dowager's glaring eye and malevolent look, the whole truth flashed upon me. For, curiously enough, I learned, several years ago, how the wife of Carl Grafenstein came from the foreign land where he died, bringing his child, and the proofs of its legitimacy with her. I knew there was a mystery about her sudden death, and the disappearance of that child. I found out much, knowing the imperious, cruel nature of the baroness dowager, whose husband had just died, and whose

idolised son had been recognised everywhere as the rightful baron. I have been on the track ever since, constantly baffled, and continually thrown back, but never quite disheartened. The denouement is here at last. Madame, whoever you are, I trust you have means to prove all this beyond the possibility of doubt?"

"I have such proofs as even the haughty woman, whose despotic will has held away here for so many years, must bow before. Her husband took possession here because the report had come that the wild elder brother had died suddenly in one of his hunting excursions in the Indian jungles. But Max had rioted in a different fashion; his wine and his orgies carried him off in the very prime of his youth. His widow carried matters with a high hand, and she had reason until the poor worn-out stranger came with her little child. Then it was proved beyond question, that these two had rights above hers. She should have opened her arms, and welcomed them, and given them place. What did she do? I say not that she murdered that innocent foreigner, ignorant of all our laws and customs, who came in her simplicity, thinking the child of the lost Carl would be tenderly welcomed. But she let her die without recognition, secreted from the knowledge of all but a hired servant of her own, and she put away the child, left it to what might have been a cruel, pitiless fate. She carried it to Berlin, and abandoned the little, stammering child of three, in a crowded street. What became of it she would not ask; she studiously avoided knowing. But for this noble man, Herr Wohler, what might have been the fate of the rightful heiress of the proud Grafenstein? Heaven watched over the child, however. We find her worthy of her high birth, fitted to grace her lofty position. But she came again under the notice of the usurper."

"At the *fit* of the Baroness Hildegard, the young singer's lightly covered shoulder revealed the Grafenstein birthmark. Struck with sudden dread that woman hunted up the girl's history. She made me her tool, as she believed, and when there was no question about the truth of her fearful suspicions, she laid a fiendish plot. Count Scheffer, you can bear me out here. You were by the river's brink, and when you heard the girl's wild cry, you rushed forward to her rescue, and were dumbfounded when boat and girl and abductor seemed suddenly swallowed up out of your sight. You knew no more than the rest about this secret avenue of exit from Grafenstein House, which leads down to a little cove, and a high wall of rock whose concealed door admits a whole boat into a safe hiding-place."

"There was enough foundation for the woman to believe my story that the girl was snatched out of my clutches, and escaped. So, she also engaged her detective to find the poor child, to bring her back into her murderous clutches. What better could I do than to hide a precious jewel from the robber's greedy hands, even though it was by look and bar? I believed the secret of this retreat was known only to myself. It is still a surprise to me that the lady underfound the long-lost key to the secret. I brought her here to save her for the proud fate which was her right. Has Theresa, Baroness Grafenstein, still angry thoughts of me?"

Tessa stood clinging fast to Herr Wohler, with wide eyes, full of hazy doubts and bewilderment, for all their joyous splendour.

"I am afraid I have spoken bitterly and unkindly," she faltered. "I beg your pardon, since you meant kindly."

"Can you tell us who you are? It is the deepest mystery of all," said Count Scheffer, smiling.

"Let us escape first from this charnel gloom and dampness. Let me have a place once more in those old rooms beyond."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE Baroness Hildegard led the way promptly, and in a moment more the whole party were seated in her little private parlour, as herself taking her place at the window, to watch for the carriage and her little dethroned Max.

"And now we are to hear why you have taken so much interest in this perplexing affair," persisted the count.

The unknown sighed.

"First, I want you to say that you believe I have spoken the truth. I want to feel sure of your confidence."

"You have mine," cried Herr Wohler.

"And mine," added the count, heartily.

"I have not had a doubt from the beginning," said the Baroness Hildegard, gravely but generously.

"And you, Theresa, heiress of the Grafensteins?"

"It is all so strange," faltered little Tessa. "I hardly dare trust such a magnificent promise, but I am ready to trust and love you, for all you were so lately my jailor."

"I wish that woman would come!" exclaimed the

unknown, pacing restlessly between the windows.

While she looked down, a servant in the Grafenstein livery came dashing through the gateway.

"Will not your secret bear repetition?" questioned the count, archly.

"Aye, before all the world! yet it will startle every ear which hears it. I am Carl, son of Jolf, lost, indeed, in a painful captivity to a savage tribe, but escaped at last to find wife and child the victims of a cruel treachery. For one, safe up in heaven, there is needed now no redress. For the other—Tessa, little Tessa, even before I fling off this odious disguise, come to a father's loving embrace!"

With a low sob of unutterable emotion, the girl sprang into those outstretched arms.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the Count Scheffer, staring down into the courtyard, into which a crowd was pouring; "what has happened?"

Hildegard, with a wild shriek, rushed away from his grasp.

"Max! Max! Oh, my prophetic soul!"

Something had certainly happened—something sorrowful and terrible, for the people below had all awed, grave faces.

A woman came hurrying up the great staircase.

"Where is her ladyship? oh, where is the poor baroness?"

Hildegard stood there, suddenly changed to a stone, unable to move hand or foot. Her lips moved desperately, but only a feeble whisper fluttered through.

"Max?"

"They are bringing him home. Oh, it is terrible."

And terrible it was, when a moment after, two men came up the grand old staircase with slow and reverent footsteps, bearing in their arms the beautiful form, still perfect in childish grace, the sweet face yet dimpled with a smile that was transfixed forever, the cherub brow unmarred, save by one blue spot at the temple.

Hildegard flung herself forward.

"My boy! oh, my boy! he is not dead! he cannot be dead!"

Count Scheffer's face betrayed all his anguish of sympathy. He could only hold her frantic hands; he had no word of comfort at his command.

"What has happened?" asked Herr Wohler, putting the only coherent question that had been asked.

"The horses were frightened. A sign fell from the blocks, as men were hoisting it to a shop door, and the horses veered directly around, overturning the coach. The little baron was thrown upon a heavy curbstone and was instantly killed. The lady is still alive, but the surgeon, who is bringing her on a little, says there is no hope. The spine is dislocated, or something of that sort, and her sufferings are agonising."

"Vengeance is mine. I will repay, saith the Lord!" exclaimed a deep, solemn voice, and the hearers, turning, saw the pallid face of the disguised baron, drenched with solemn tears.

"Oh, my boy! my child! my precious Max!" moaned the bereaved mother.

"Hildegard, Hildegard," whispered Count Scheffer, "you were mourning and shrinking, a little back, because of the blow you feared would wound and crush your darling. He is safe now—the lost inheritance, the blighted name, the family disgrace, are nothing to him now."

The flood of relieving tears came pouring from the wildly dilated eyes.

"And he said he must be a Grafenstein. Oh Max, you gave your mother the farewell kisses. You were so sweet and beautiful and loving when I let you go!" exclaimed she, in anguish, and then she yielded herself to the count's arms.

"Oh, save me, Oscar, comfort me, if you can. Everything seems drifting away from me. But you are right. Max is safe—safe from the shame of this wretched revelation."

At that moment the messenger arrived. The dowager was lying below in the ante-room. They could take her no farther. And in the midst of her agony she was calling for her daughter-in-law in piteous appeal.

The count almost carried Hildegard, while the others followed slowly; but when they reached the hastily improvised litter, he put her down and re-treated a little. It did not matter—that fast glazing eye went no farther than Hildegard's face. What a world of anguish and black remorse was in its dumb appeal!

"Hildegard," whispered the white lips, "I am rightly punished. I have done a wicked deed. Oh, if that girl were only alive I think I could die without this terrible horror! Max is dead. Forgive me, Hildegard. You will marry whom you love. My blessing will not help, but be sure no malediction shall harm. You will find happiness again. And Max will enter heaven pure and unstained. Better thus than the longest life. But oh! my soul—that

dead girl—that drowned girl—she will hold me down!”

She who in the black dress had seemed the dowager's double, slipped gently forward, leading the pale, awe-struck Tessa.

“Poor soul, drifting so fast towards the eternal shores, be at peace. The girl lives. Her rights are known. They are safe in her father's care. Baron Carl has returned to claim his ancestral home. He has found and saved his daughter.”

The glittering, flaring eyes clung to Tessa's face. A slow smile grew over and above the agony of dissolution. The powerless hands made a feeble effort to clasp themselves in a position of penitent prayer, the eyes still held fast to the fair young face still brightening in thankful certainty of her safety. Then they filmed over and were blind for ever to earthly sights.

Baron Carl, who had sworn such deadly vengeance, who had hated her with such fierce and bitter animosity, himself covered over the face with solemn and earnest deference, and gave orders for the body to be laid out in the state drawing-room, with the Grafenstein shield at its feet, side by side with that of the innocent son of his brother's only heir.

And thus ended the carefully-planned retribution. The world about them was greatly startled by the change at Grafenstein House. But the greatest wonder soon becomes familiar and commonplace, and in a little time the beautiful young heiress of the Baron Carl was recognised as naturally as if she had spent her childhood beneath the old roof. Hildegarde remained with her. Neither father nor daughter would consent to her retirement from the home she had graced and adorned, unless, as the former archly whispered, she would consent to make happy and bright the disconsolate roof-tree of the Scheffers. Herr Wohler was an honoured and beloved member of the family, but the old general had carried off Konrad and Gotthart to Halberg Heights. He had gathered together a bevy of famous physicians, who were promising wonders for the lame boy, though one and all admitted that his good fortune had come none too soon to snatch the delicate constitution from the destroyer's grasp. The old soldier growled now and then when he found the elder grandson hurrying off to Munich, and the younger looking after him wistfully.

“I see how it will be,” said he, “when Konrad takes to himself that fair young singing-bird we shall all be drawn to one spot. The only satisfactory arrangement that I can suggest will be, our summers at the Heights and our winters at Munich. Luckily the two houses are capable of holding us all.”

“Then we shall all be happy, dear grandfather. And if I am ever able to walk, as they promise me, you will find me straying towards the dear old room under the shadow of the Cathedral towers.”

“Meantime, what is to become of Oscar? I think the generous fellow has fairly earned his bride. And when I think how long and faithfully he has kept his allegiance I have no patience with the fair Hildegarde for keeping him in his dreary home while she serves out a formal period of mourning.”

“I have a shrewd suspicion that Tessa and her ladyship have made a secret agreement,” laughed Gotthart. “I expect the day that makes my darling Tessa truly my own dear sister will give to my cousin Oscar his long-sought prize. Have you seen my new picture, grandfather—the picture of Tessa as she stood that night of her disappearance? Konrad tells me it is enough to prove my claim to the rank of a true artist.”

“Yes, it is worthy of anyone's admiration,” returned the general, and then he coughed, and fidgeted a little, and finally burst forth in his own impetuous manner: “But, Gotthart, I wish from my soul you would leave off this dawdling with brush and colours. Remember that you are a Von Halberg now—that you will have the fortune of a gentleman, and will not need such an accomplishment to make your way in the world.”

Gotthart's wide blue eyes were suddenly amidst, his beautiful mouth quivered.

“I cannot relinquish my art,” he said, in tones of gentle reproach. “I could as soon think of living without Konrad, or Tessa, or Herr Wohler, or you, as think of parting with my brush and pallet.”

“Foolish boy!” muttered the old general, “if you knew how I hated to see you at work over a canvas.”

“But, grandfather,” persisted Gotthart, “you do not deny that an artist does his part towards beautifying and ennobling the world, a part that's neither mean nor small.”

He waited a moment, watching the troubled, moody face, and then added, slipping his hand lovingly into the other's trembling fingers:

“Dear grandfather, I thought we promised to put away all unkind memories of the past. Should not the prejudices go also?”

The general coloured violently, walked across the floor swiftly, then wheeled around.

“You are right, my boy. I deserve your rebuke. It is a prejudice, and nothing more. I honour you that you have dared to tell me so.”

“It was for Konrad's sake as well as mine,” returned Gotthart, gently. “I think it would be the sorest trial he has yet experienced if you should insist upon his abandoning his experiments, foregoing his mission. One of the richest joys of this new prosperity is the means it will put in his grasp to realise his long-matured, but hitherto visionary plans.”

“Konrad's mission? Who is talking about that here?” said a gay voice, and in a moment more the Count Scheffer pirouetted gaily into the room. “It was the last sentence I heard at Grafenstein. What are you doing with it here?”

“And what excuse have you for coming here eavesdropping?” growled the general in his affected, bearish way; “you graceless adventurer—you luckless wooer, coming here from Grafenstein to have your woes solaced?”

“To have my joys congratulated, rather,” returned the count. “Let me forestall Konrad. There has been a resolute and determined assault, and prolonged siege, at the old Grafenstein walls to-day, and behold, at last, a capitulation has been agreed upon. Wish me joy—uncle the happy day is named! Hildegarde will at last be my own, and the Baron Carl has promised to give away both brides. Tessa tried to persuade Konrad that she consented more for your sake than for his. Gotthart what say you to the dear little sister?”

“Heaven bless her, for ever and ever!” replied Gotthart, fervently. “But tell me about Konrad's mission.”

“Tessa told it all over to her father. And he has set off a certain portion of the dowry to be devoted to that particular use. And there were the two, instead of designing wedding-favours and bridal trousseau, and that sort of thing, sitting down together with their heads over an account book, drawing plans for a building, and jotting down items in the expense of the whole affair, which is to flood Germany, and all the world besides, I expect, with the most charming copies of the great artist's dreams, at the most unheard-of and marvellous prices. So that every poor working man and woman will have a Raphael and Corregio of their own.”

“His father's own child!” muttered the old general.

“Are you ashamed of him?” demanded Gotthart, looking up with those glad eyes, the beautiful face all aglow with the enthusiasm of the thought. “Think of him, grandfather, in all the richness of his content, his love for Tessa and its forthcoming reward, his deep gratitude for your favour and protection, with the brilliant prospect of this marriage festival at the stately Grafenstein halls shining before him; think of him striving to place this great blessing, which shall elevate and comfort and beautify the homes of the lowly ones of our fatherland, and rejoicing, most of all, in its promised success. Think of him, grandfather, and tell me if you blush for your grandson?”

The old general had lifted his right arm upward, it came down now with a crash that nearly shivered a tray of wine-glasses on the table beside him.

“By heaven, no!” thundered he; “I honour, I admire, I applaud him! He! Haas, you knave, bring out the old brand, that which has the cobwebs of my great grandfather's freedom summer on its seal, and the mellow sunshine of that rare season in its flavour. We will pledge Count Scheffer's happiness, and drink glorious success to—KONRAD'S MISSION!”

THE END.

HER MAJESTY'S Dockyard at Woolwich is beginning to show a deserted appearance. The roads and gardens attached to the official residences, which used to be kept in such nice order, are becoming overgrown with weeds, and the whole neighbourhood has quite a gloomy aspect; shops innumerable are closed, and nearly 1,000 houses are shut up. It has been proposed that some of the buildings now unoccupied belonging to the dockyard should be converted into a temporary workhouse and infirmary to house the poor, the parish not having sufficient accommodation to meet the wants of the thousands of discharged workmen thrown upon it from the Government establishments.

A STEP TOWARDS THE DIMINUTION OF A CATALOGUE OF HORRORS.—By the Geneva Convention so much has been done for the better nursing of the wounded and sick in war that among officers and philanthropists the wish has been frequently uttered to extend the like benefits to naval combatants. This desire, which in the present state of international relations is unfortunately still anything but a super-

fluous one, has in the last few days approached somewhat nearer to realisation. As you may remember Dr. Steinberg, the head surgeon of the North German Navy, at the last international meeting of the military hospital societies, proposed the universal adoption of a flag, which, when hoisted by burning or sinking ships in battle, should be understood as a signal for special rescuing steamers, stationed out of cannon range, to come up and render assistance. The proposal has now been accepted by the French Government, which has also declared its willingness to place for this purpose at the disposal of the societies fast steamers unfit for war purposes. The North German naval authorities have likewise declared in favour of the charitable arrangement, and the British Government, it is here said, favour it. It is to be hoped that the idea, much to the honour of the societies and its thoughtful and benevolent originator, will be gradually accepted by the various maritime powers, and the catalogue of horrors inoculated in naval warfare be proportionately diminished.

ELEANOR'S SECRET.

CHAPTER II.

“MR. CONYERS was too much engaged to enter into any lengthy explanations. In about a month I shall see him again, and learn all the particulars.”

Eleanor's secret soon spread through the place. Mrs. Darrell mentioned it to an intimate friend, and it was retailed in every quarter. Eleanor cared little, as the deposit at Bridgely bank would soon have made it known. Mr. Lennard, finding his services no longer of the utmost importance, was quite willing to fall into Gilbert's arrangements, and hastened to make the best bargain that he could, having an eye to the future when the farm should be sold.

For Gilbert and Eleanor there were a few deliciously happy days, days of dreams and plans. He would have his liberty to find some place in the world more in accordance with his tastes and ambitions, and when he had made the new home, she should come and grace it. It is true that Gilbert had a hard struggle with his pride to accept so much at her hands, but he resolved that she should be paid a thousand-fold in the devotion of a brave and loyal heart.

One afternoon Mrs. Henderson's carriage drove up to the door. She alighted in great state, and with her, Mr. Payson. On the box sat another person, Giles Brown, the constable of the place.

Eleanor answered the summons, and ushered her visitors into the quaint little parlour. Mrs. Henderson swept through the hall with haughty grace, scarcely deigning to bestow even a stare upon the young girl.

“Is Mrs. Darrell at home?”

“She is,” was the reply in ladylike voice that contrasted with the visitor's abruptness.

“I wish her to be summoned, also Mr. Gilbert Darrell, and then come yourself.”

Eleanor was a little surprised at the peremptory summons.

“It is a matter of business,” said Mr. Payson, briefly, as if half in apology.

Gilbert was not to be found, but Mrs. Darrell came.

“I have a charge to prefer against this young woman,” Mrs. Henderson began, in a stern and lofty manner. “It is an unpleasant thing to call any person a thief, but when Eleanor Mackenzie was in my house on Tuesday last she stole a diamond from my bureau drawer worth a thousand pounds. My son met her at the door of the room with a flushed and guilty look. She went to London the next morning and exchanged it for money, and has trumped up the story of a fortune being left to her. I have procured a warrant for her arrest, and she will be tried for the crime.”

Eleanor had been scarlet at the beginning of this explanation, but now turned deathly pale.

“I am innocent,” she faltered.

“Stole a diamond!” almost shrieked Mr. Darrell. “My child, my Eleanor!”

“Yes. I missed the diamond that very evening. The drawer had not been unlocked but for a few moments, and she went into the room to get some edging. I refrained from expressing my suspicions until the house had been thoroughly searched, and in the meanwhile comes this story of Miss Mackenzie's fortune.”

Eleanor seemed to stare at the black facts before her. Suspicion certainly did appear to close around her, and she could only iterate her first response:

“I am innocent.”

“Will you declare that you took nothing but the lace from my bureau?”

“I took no diamond. I did not even know there was one there,” but Eleanor flushed deeply, and her voice was perceptibly tremulous.

“You may call it by some other name, but it was

a diamond, and it is gone, and you are not prepared to deny that you touched nothing."

"I took a small slip of paper that was of importance to myself, and no one else."

"Be careful. You are not required to criminate yourself," interposed Payson.

"Perhaps you can produce this valuable paper?" was Mrs. Henderson's scornful comment.

Eleanor turned pale again. She had searched for it the first evening of her return home, to show Gilbert, but was unable to find it, and had sent to Mrs. Boyd. Her silence implied her inability.

"It is useless to waste words," was Mrs. Henderson's rejoinder. "If she has anything to prove, it can be done on the examination. Proceed with your business, Payson."

Payson rather reluctantly read the warrant to her, amid Mrs. Darrell's sobs and exclamations.

"Oh, Nelly, it can't be true! Why, I've brought you up just as if you were a child of my own, and loved you like a daughter. How could you do such a wicked thing? I wouldn't touch a penny of the money if I were starving. Oh, Nelly, you'll bring down my gray hairs in sorrow to the grave! And poor Gilbert!"

"Mother, I am innocent," sobbed the almost heart-broken girl, pained by the weakness of her champion.

"It will be necessary to take you into custody. It is a mere form, for you can doubtless prove your innocence," said Payson pityingly.

Eleanor shrunk back.

"If ever guilt was stamped upon any one's face, it is that of this person," was Mrs. Henderson's sneering comment.

"I will go," said Eleanor, loftily; and rising in a dignified manner, her eyes still filled with tears, she left the room for her bonnet and mantle.

Giles Brown was waiting at the door. Payson exchanged a few words with Mrs. Henderson, and handed her into her carriage, then he came back to Eleanor.

"It's a hard thing to do, miss, but she's very sure about it, and I'm in office to execute the law. I'm sorry, for you've always held up your head and borne a good name, but you'll come out right, I know. Innocence always does."

That was comforting. Eleanor had hard work to leave poor Mrs. Darrell, who blamed and acquitted in the same breath. She walked proudly along as they took their way to the little old jail, brown by age and neglect. It seldom, indeed, had an occupant. Brown, the constable, and his wife, lived in the best corner of it.

"You'll make her comfortable," Payson said. "I can't help thinking that the great lady is mistaken."

But Brown had a stubborn belief of his own. The sudden accession of fortune looked very suspicious to him. Still, he was not an unkind man, and besides, he couldn't help treating her as if she were a lady, for he, too, felt the influence of the "something" about her.

And so Eleanor was given the spare chamber. Left alone, she sank down into a chair and gave vent to the emotion that had threatened to overpower her. She had no fear about proving her innocence, but, unless the diamond was found, there would always be a suspicion against her.

An hour or two later she had a visitor, Gilbert Darrell. He just listened to a wild account from his mother, and, filled with agonising apprehensions, he had flown to her. With every step he had revolved the story in his mind—the value of the stolen jewel and Eleanor's fortune, her mysterious journey to the City at that particular juncture, and her failure to produce the important advertisement. He had brought the letter from Mrs. Boyd.

And yet when he clasped her to his heart, and glanced into the pure, truthful eyes, he could have strangled himself for his momentary doubt.

"Oh, Gilbert," she added.

"My darling, hush; don't agitate yourself so much. Here is your letter, and for this false, dastardly accusation—"

"Then you do not believe it?" and there was a sharp ring in her voice.

"Believe it, knowing you as I do?"

"My sorrow has made me suspicious. Even your mother, with all her affection, scarcely knew which side of the story to credit. Heaven will bear me witness that I am innocent."

"Read your letter," he said, hurriedly.

Mrs. Boyd was pious in her satisfaction at the news of Eleanor's safe arrival, but the scrap of paper she had not seen. Without a doubt it had been dropped in Mr. Conyers' office.

"Everything will go against me at the examination to-morrow," she exclaimed, despondingly. "Mr. Conyers is to be absent for a month. I shall surely be committed."

"If I can get the examination delayed, I will go for Mrs. Boyd. I must see to that this evening."

Eleanor rested a brief while on the heart that would fain have comforted her, but the sense of shame and disgrace was bitterly keen. She knew, too, how readily stories were caught up, and that Mrs. Henderson's wealth and position gave her much influence. With Mr. Conyers' return she could prove the truth of her story, but by that time many people would settle so positively to a belief in her guilt, that even an honourable acquittal would fail to convince them. And if the diamond should never be found?

"Only yesterday we were so happy!" she sobbed.

"And we will be again. In my moments of despondency you have always comforted me—can you not trust my love?"

"I do," she murmured, softly.

Gilbert Darrell left her at length, determined to leave no method of proving her innocence untried. Her supper was sent up, but returned untasted. Half an hour after another visitor was announced. To her great surprise, this was Jarvis Henderson.

"What have you to say to me?" she demanded, haughtily.

"Much my fair captive, and perhaps to open the door for your release."

With that he seated himself in the only remaining chair, and began to draw off his gloves.

"Has the diamond been found?" she asked, eagerly.

"Suppose it could be?" and there was a sinister look mingled with his admiration. "Suppose it could be, and the matter hushed up, not allowed to come to trial? What would it be worth to you?"

"Can you do this?"

Eleanor Mackenzie studied every line in the man's face, and she was convinced in her heart that he knew something about the missing diamond. He was too wary to be caught, however.

"Would you give your love for liberty and an honorable release?"

"Not from you."

"Her pure and lofty inflection stung him.

"I am an important witness against you," he said.

"But you cannot buy my love. It has been given to another," she returned, proudly.

"And when you are within prison walls, how long will it last, think you? When all Bridgely believes in your guilt, he will also."

"You do not know him. But if I were free to-day, you could not win me, Jarvis Henderson."

He bit his lip in anger.

"Do not dare me too far," he said, threateningly.

"If you know anything about the diamond, you must be aware that I am innocent. If you have not sufficient manliness to prove it, I will take my chance in an unjust trial, with a witness against me who is willing to perjure himself. And now go. I have not another word to say, and shall summon my gaoler to listen to the remainder of the conversation."

The resolute look in her eye mastered the craven soul before her. He made one appeal, she waved him away with her hand.

Angry at his defeat, he left the room, vowing revenge. If it was possible to blast her life by sending her to a felon's cell, it should be done.

The examination was delayed twenty-four hours, as Gilbert Darrell had gone for Mrs. Boyd. He had also tried to get some word to Mr. Conyers, who had directed all his letters to be sent to him in about ten days.

Gilbert had counted strongly upon Mrs. Boyd's evidence. She had seen the advertisement, she had gone to Mr. Conyers' with Miss Mackenzie, but they had transacted their business in the private office. She had not even heard any conversation about the fortune, and Miss Mackenzie had gone alone to receive the money.

This was not sufficiently weighty to overthrow the positive testimony of Mrs. Henderson and her son, Eleanor was committed for the Autumn session. Gilbert Darrell groaned aloud at this announcement.

It was true that during the brief while she would have conditional liberty, as more than one was willing to become surety for her appearance, but she seemed to shrink from every eye. Could anyone believe her guilty of such an infamous crime?

Gilbert took her home and tried to comfort her, but she had lost much of her courage. She felt that the case had been made out very strongly against her. Even if it was proved that Mr. Conyers paid her the money, the diamond still remained to be accounted for, and during the two hours the drawer had been left unlocked.

Mrs. Darrell moaned and upbraided alternately, except when checked momentarily by Gilbert. Eleanor felt as if the house was almost unendurable, when an incident that had been long expected happened with the suddenness of a shock. Mr. Darrell, who had been much improved for a week or two, was

taken with one of his usual spells, and to the surprise of every one, died in a few hours.

There was much curiosity, as well as neighbourly friendliness, and proffers of kindness, and it must be confessed that some who had doubted Eleanor were touched by her tenderness and devotion. Yet, as she stood beside the corpse, and thought that Gilbert had received his freedom from a higher power, she almost regretted the fortune she had welcomed so gladly for his sake. It seemed as if some bond between them had snapped.

Mrs. Henderson, it must be confessed, was ill at ease, although she still expressed her positive opinion of Miss Mackenzie's guilt. But the name of Lawyer Conyers had conjured up a grim phantom. Eleanor Wyvern had privately married Mr. Henderson's half brother, a rather gay man of the world, though she lived in the strictest seclusion, while few of his intimate friends supposed her to be his wife.

At his sudden death she had received a business-like legal document, declaring the ceremony a fraud, and denying her claim as a widow. Still young, for she was only twenty-four, and knowing very little of the world, she made one frantic and rather ill-judged appeal to her relatives, but they, afraid of the disgrace, threw her off. She wrote a moving letter to her sister-in-law, Mrs. Henderson, who only referred her to the legal decision, as she termed it. The poor woman, rendered half insane, had wandered from place to place, and soon after died.

None knew better than Mrs. Henderson how this "legal decision," as they termed it, had been obtained. A large fortune was at stake, and neither she nor her husband could bear to let it slip through their fingers. Not one word had she heard of the woman and her child until Mr. Conyers applied to her for some information, as a small legacy had been left to Miss Mackenzie. Then she instituted a few inquiries in a quiet way, and found that Mrs. Darrell's adopted daughter was the very person. She kept this secret also, and fancied that she had destroyed the paper containing the advertisement.

But if Mr. Conyers came, would it not lead to a new discussion? Eleanor Mackenzie might have no means of proving her mother's marriage; indeed, it was not likely that she had, but Mrs. Henderson could not feel at ease. She would fain have given up the suit, but it was too late.

After five busy weeks, Mr. Conyers returned to London, and a few days after received Gilbert Darrell's letter, which hurried him at once to Bridgely.

Mr. Conyers insisted upon having a straightforward story, and Gilbert gave it. He was so thoroughly energetic, and had so high a faith in Eleanor's innocence, that he won Mr. Conyers' admiration instantly.

"I should feel inclined to suspect this young Henderson," he said, shrewdly.

Eleanor started. Why had she not told her story before?

"We can easily settle the money affair, as I have a memorandum of the notes I paid you. And as for the rest—your cause has not suffered by my absence. I knew before you came to me that day that you were the child of Eleanor Wyvern and Leigh Mackenzie, though your uncle, Mr. Henderson, had denied the marriage, and taken possession of his half-brother's fortune. The certificate you produced startled me. Since then the minister who married your parents has been discovered, and the case is perfectly clear. You, and not Mrs. Henderson, are the true heir to the fortune."

"If you will give me the necessary authority I will commence a suit immediately. I dislike Mrs. Henderson very much, and the fact that she kept the knowledge of the small legacy from you shows that she would not be too honest to move in larger matters, though she may have really doubted her brother-in-law's marriage."

Great indeed was the consternation at Bridgely, a few weeks later, when the matter was made public. The evidence was so positive that Mrs. Henderson yielded without an attempt to disprove the truth. She and her son were penniless.

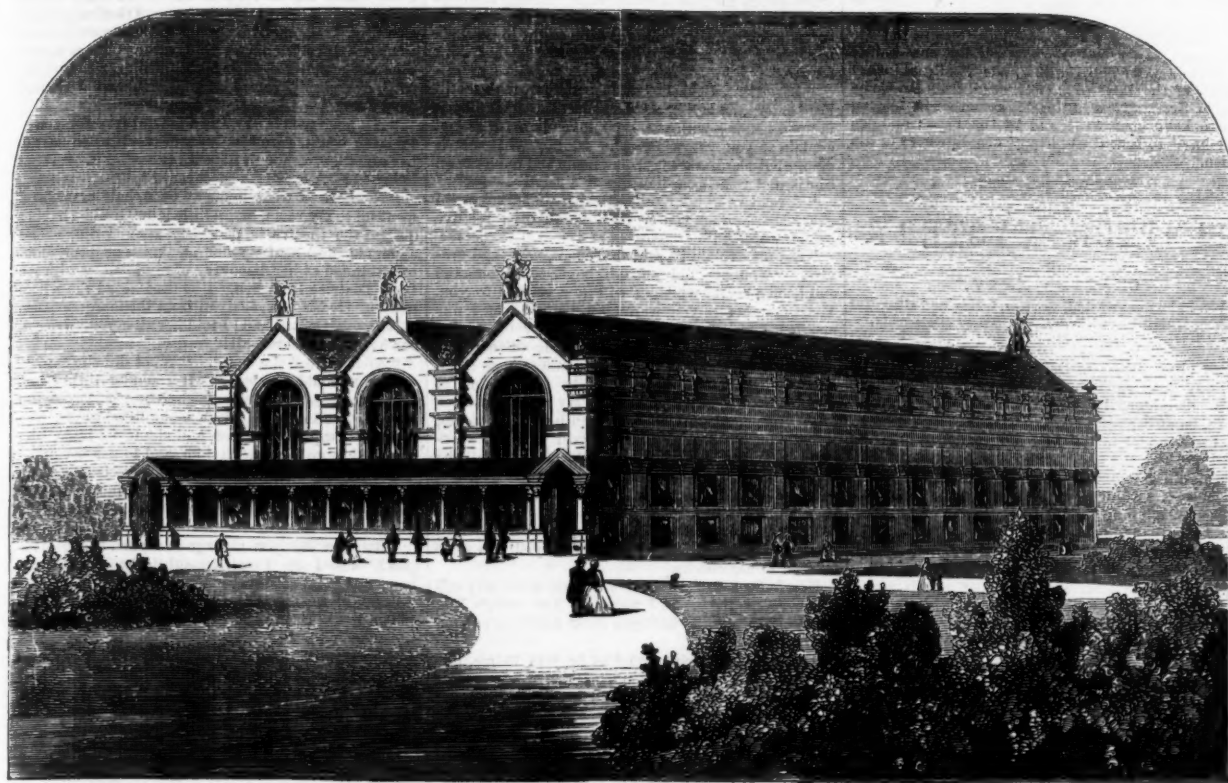
Mr. Conyers insisted upon seeing Miss Mackenzie installed as mistress of the great house. She was, indeed, a perfect lady; and the servants soon began to land her above their former haughty and imperious mistress.

Gilbert Darrell sold his farm, and would fain have gone out in the world to try his fortune.

"Why should you?" Eleanor said, with her sweetest smile. "Does not this broad domain need a master, and am I less dear than when I was poor and friendless? Yet you loved me then."

So Gilbert Darrell remained, and found a sphere of usefulness sufficiently comprehensive for his ambition. Mrs. Darrell worshipped her daughter-in-law until there were grandchildren to divide her attention. Eleanor never wears diamonds. She has treasures enough without them.

A. M. D.



THE EAST LONDON MUSEUM.

THE EAST LONDON MUSEUM.

THAT part of the "Modern Babylon," lying east of Gracechurch Street and Bishopsgate Street, has for a long time been a subject for speculation and wonder to those favoured mortals whose residences are situated in more aristocratic precincts. The one half of the world, that is to say, the section of humanity which is able to keep the conventional wolf round the corner, has from time to time been awakened out of its lethargy by a small star in the East—a pale, sad, and silent beacon telling of want and suffering in these crowded streets, alleys, courts and squares, which are as a *terra incognita* to the West End Londoner. The East End of London has for a long time stood as regards the West something in the light of a poor relation—a very poor relation—always getting into trouble of some sort, always obtruding its "looped and windowed raggedness" in the garish sun, and before the portals of its aristocratic brother, just at the time when mirth and revelry reigned supreme, and when an intruder, like the shivering spectre on the doorstep, claiming blood relationship, was a death's head at the feast and one of the most ghastly descriptions. And it too often happened that at those times when the misery and destitution of the East was an ugly fact, of European notoriety even, that the other half, the rich relation, shamed into recognition of the necessities of the case, soothed his conscience by giving largely of his abundance, but at the same time indicating by his manner that the charity was bestowed distinctly on the understanding that he was to hear no more about the case, or at least that the demands for assistance should not be so importunate. The pious brother felt that his standing and dignity were imperilled by the vociferation of this needy relation, and the gold was bestowed more as a sop to stop the barking than with any kindly sympathy and feeling. "The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose," says Antonio to Bassanio, in the *Merchant of Venice*. Without making any comparison we cannot refrain from chronicling it as our opinion that the text, which says "the poor have ye always with you," has been subject to a testy interpretation equivalent to saying that, as a law of nature the matter can't be helped, and the better plan is to submit as gracefully as possible to the pulls upon your purse strings.

For ourselves, we do not look upon the East End of London in the light in which it is regarded by those ignorant of the locality. That the quarter is no the most savoury under the sky is true, that there in a great deal of overcrowding as regards dwelling ac-

commodation is also true, and it is equally beyond doubt that poverty and distress of every kind is rife. But whilst recognising these distressing facts, and doing our utmost to remedy them in a sensible, Christian manner we must not shut our eyes to the bright side of the picture. There is a great deal to encourage the philanthropist in the aspect of East-End London; and it is to make the bright side brighter that the exertions of a few earnest-minded men have been directed. The East London Museum was projected for the purpose of affording instruction and amusements to those residents in the quarter who had a thirst for useful knowledge, and who were debarred by distance from taking advantage of the higher institutions of the kind at the West End.

We believe that several attempts had been made to secure a museum for the East End of London by many gentlemen who felt the injustice of having all the objects of interest at such a distance from the working man. To Mr. John Millar, of Bethnal House, Cambridge Road, N.E., the inhabitants of the East End are greatly indebted for his exertions on behalf of the Museum; also to his friend, Mr. Brady. Some years ago Mr. Brady spoke to Mr. Millar about a Museum, and inquired if it would be easy to fix on a site suitable for the purpose. Mr. Millar suggested the poor land of Bethnal Green; it was central and, as one of the trustees, Mr. Millar believed it could be had on easy terms. The matter was, however, shelved for a few years, till Lord Granville invited those interested in Museums for the people to meet him at South Kensington and submit their schemes to him, stating at the same time that the government were willing to lend the "boilers" (which were at that time being removed) to anybody who could give a reasonable ground for using them to advantage. At this invitation the North, South, and East of London put in their respective claims, the East, after deliberation, being selected in preference to either of the two other quarters. Mr. Brady learning, in the course of his inquiries as a government officer, that the government were willing to create and maintain a Museum, provided a suitable site was presented to them, Mr. Millar, as Mr. Brady's friend (and as a trustee of the poor board), submitted the matter to his co-trustees, and they expressed their willingness to sell the present site provided the Charity Commissioners would sanction the sale. This permission was granted, and Mr. Brady got an act passed authorising the sale, as there were some technical impediments in the way. After this an appeal was made to raise 2,000*l.*, the sum to be paid for the land. This was raised chiefly through Mr. Brady's exer-

tions, the ground was bought and handed over to Government, and there was no time lost in commencing operations. The history of this ground is as follows:

About 170 years ago a piece of ground then lying waste was bought by certain gentlemen, and left to the parish of Bethnal Green, on condition that it should never be built upon. The income was to be given annually to certain poor persons living in the neighbourhood, each person to have ten shillings in money and three sacks of coals on St. Thomas's day. The four and a half acres bought and given to the Government for the Museum was in reality a loss to the charity, for after the expense of fencing and keeping it in repair was deducted from the rent nothing really remained. The ground was valued at 1500*l.* by the parish commissioners, as it was merely grazing ground, and now 2,000*l.* has been obtained for it, which brings in a clear income of 66*l.* a-year. A church had also been built on the ground, so that there could be no objection to building a museum for the people.

The East London Museum is not a local one, but merely a branch of existing museums, and is to be fitted up with their surplus. The directors are anxious that it should contain a typical collection of objects of Natural History, and that it should be made agreeably educational for the people. A better site could not have been selected, for it is on the way to the "People's Park," and of easy access to the mass of the residents at the East End.

DR. CUMMING AND THE POPE.—Dr. Cumming has actually succeeded in "drawing" the Pope, who, however, does not write to him directly, nor acknowledge the receipt of his letter; but in an epistle to Archbishop Manning explains how, having "seen from the newspapers that Dr. Cumming of Scotland had inquired" whether leave would be given to Protestants to argue their case at the approaching Ecumenical Council, and Dr. Manning having replied that this was a matter to be determined by the Holy See, he (the Holy Father) takes the opportunity of pointing out that it would be quite absurd for the Holy See to discuss again errors which it has already considered, judged, and condemned. The Pope adds that, if by inspiration from above, Protestants should see their danger, and seek God with their whole heart, "they will easily cast away all preconceived and adverse opinions," and "return to the Father from whom they have long unhappily gone astray." In that case the Pope will be too happy to "run to meet" the returning prodigal, and to welcome the dead who are alive

again and the lost who are found. But "running to meet" them does not mean conceding anything to them by way of compromise. On the contrary, it means conceding nothing beyond a welcome to their repentance. Of course, the Pope, if he answered at all, could answer nothing else, but was it not inconceivable of the Pope to answer at all? "Dr. Cumming of Scotland" will think it a feather in his cap even to have been written at by the Pope: and we shall have to bear the unhappy consequences of his elation.

THE HAMPTON MYSTERY.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,
That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring,
To cross me from the golden time I look for!
SHAKESPEARE'S *Henry VI.*

The observations of Detective Rush in regard to the Lady Beatrice Hampton had been correct. The earl's daughter had openly quitted Hampton House, on an ostensible visit to friends in the country, and had made her way, by a circuitous route, to Limely, where she had found the pony carriage and faithful old coachman from the Laurels in waiting for her. Assuring herself that she was not watched or followed from the station, she had set out directly for the hidden home.

As the carriage neared its destination, and the old coachman prepared to get down from his box, the wide gate of the Laurels swung open on its well-oiled hinges, and, as they passed through, it closed noiselessly behind them.

The hour was between sunset and dusk. It had been light out in the pleasant street, but a soft obscure twilight reigned here under the thick-spreading firs, larches, and pines. The Lady Beatrice bent a quick, searching glance into the brooding shadows, and at the same moment a gay, childish laugh rang out, and her youngest darling bounded forward, climbing into the carriage, which had halted.

"My boy! My little Fay!" said the Lady Beatrice, fondly clasping him to her bosom in an excess of motherly tenderness, her proud face glowing. "You received my letter, then, that I should be home to-night to spend a week with you? Are they all well—papa, Herbert, Meggy?"

At the mention of his name, before Fay had time to reply, Herbert emerged from the shadows and approached the carriage. In a moment more he too was seated in the vehicle, clasped in a warm embrace, and then the whole party moved on up the shadowed winding drive towards the house.

The Lady Beatrice had been at home but once since the departure from it of Giralda, and that was on the night of the Hampton ball, when she passed out as one of the guests. She had deemed it best since, knowing the vigilance of her enemy, Lord Adlowe, to remain away from the Laurels entirely, lest she should bring discovery and trouble upon her husband. Her anxieties and her affections had at last conquered her discretion, as we have seen.

The house was lighted, and the self-styled count, beaming with happiness, was on the step to give his wife welcome. He lifted her out of the carriage, as she drove up, and half-carried her into the drawing-room, the two boys following.

"A whole week of bliss before us!" said the husband, drawing the Lady Beatrice upon a sofa beside him, and gently removing her wrappings. "A whole week of pure, unalloyed happiness! I can scarcely realise it!"

"Not 'unalloyed happiness,' papa!" said Herbert, gravely. "We can never be entirely happy again until Giralda comes back!"

The mother looked at her eldest boy, her heart echoing his words. And then she noticed, for the first time, how he had changed of late. He seemed taller, older, and more serious. A strange gravity shaded his brow and made sombre his splendid black eyes. His face was pale, and the shadow of a great trouble brooded over all his features. The high-spirited lad was drinking deep of the cup of sorrow which his parents would have for ever withheld from his lips. The mother held out her hand and drew him to her side.

"What is it, Herbert?" she asked anxiously. "What trouble has changed you so?"

The boy's lip quivered.

"We miss Giralda so," he said. "It seems as if the light of the house had gone."

"But she will be back soon, Herbert. I do not mean to spare her always. Papa and I miss her too."

"But that isn't all," said Herbert, speaking by a brave effort, his pale face flushing. "Giralda is a delicate girl. She isn't fit to go out in the world to earn her own living. It is I who ought to work in her stead. I cannot stay here idle and let her work for me."

"Be patient, Herbert," said the mother, with soothing tenderness, laying her hand on his. "Giralda is in good hands—with one who loves her. I cannot explain to you yet where she is, nor what she is doing, but she has a luxurious home and tender care. She is under the guardianship of a relative—"

"A relative?" interrupted Herbert, in surprise. "I never heard either you or papa speak of a relative before, mamma!"

"Let me explain!" said the count, with sad gravity. "You are old enough, boys, to understand and keep a secret which I will now confide to you. Years ago, before you were born, before even I was married, I had the misfortune to greatly offend my guardian, whom I dearly loved. The offence was unintentional. I was made, by some strange chain of circumstances, to appear guilty of a crime of which I was in heart innocent. My uncle cast me off. Your mamma, who was then betrothed to me, was the only person in all the world who had a living faith in my innocence. In the face of all the feeling and evidence against me, she married me, and made the life happy which would otherwise have been a cruel desert."

Instantly two pairs of boyish arms were entwined about her ladyship, and two pairs of boyish lips were pressed to her cheeks.

The Lady Beatrice, or the countess, as we may call her here in the second phase of her double life, laughed, even while her eyes grew wet with sudden tears.

"This uncle of mine, cruel as he was to me, bitterly as he grew to hate me," resumed the count, "was a man eminently just and honourable. He is alive now, alone and aged. Giralda went from us to earn her own living—the generous darling! She saw an advertisement in the *Times*, which she answered in person. The advertiser was my uncle. He was pleased with her, and engaged her as his secretary, both knowing nothing of their relationship to each other. He has grown to love her, and desires to adopt her as his granddaughter."

"Giralda loves him too," said the countess, as her husband paused in his narration. "I have seen her since she left home, and have told her papa's story. She has devoted herself to the task of softening the old man's heart towards papa, and I have strong hopes that she will succeed. If she does, we will emerge from this obscurity, and take our rightful places in the world. Have faith and patience, Herbert."

"I will—I will," said the boy humbly, his impatience completely subdued. "I am willing to stay at the Laurels till I am gray, only I would give much, everything, to have you and Giralda here all the time, mother."

At this juncture Meggy announced that supper was waiting. The parents, despite their own secret anxieties, assumed a cheerful gaiety, and the meal became, as usual in that house, a delightful little social reunion.

After supper, a pleasant evening followed; the mother then attended Fay to his chamber, and afterwards sought the delightful little study in which the so-called Spanish count was first introduced to the reader.

She found him there now, half reclining on the tiger skin couch before the hearth, the curtains drawn, and an aspect of cosy comfort reigning throughout the little room.

He held out his arms to her, and she sat down beside him, enwrapped in his embrace.

"You have seen Giralda, dearest?" he said. "You have seen my uncle. How did it happen?"

"They have been up to London. The marquis brought her to town with the intention of seeking out the 'Countess Arevalo,' and making an arrangement to adopt Giralda. I wrote you a note, giving you a mere outline of the facts. I could not give full explanations in a letter. Lord Trevelyan formed the idea of taking Giralda to the theatres, believing that they would see me on the boards. He engaged a private box at the Haymarket, exactly opposite the Hampton box. As fate would have it, I attended the Haymarket that night with Lord Adlowe and papa."

The count drew breath sharply.

"Then you met first in the theatre?" he said, hoarsely.

"Yes. Giralda and the marquis were seated when

we entered. I settled myself comfortably, and Adlowe asked me to look at the bewitching young beauty in Lord Trevelyan's box. I looked across. Geoffrey, it was our own Giralda in the company of our enemy. Our eyes met. She was as pale as death. She recognised me at once. Then, realising your peril, everything reeled around me, and I fainted dead away."

"My poor wife! It was a fearful trial for you!" said the count, caressingly, endeavouring to soothe her agitation, although his own exceeded it. "What followed? A scene? Discovery?"

"Neither. I went home at once, half crazed. I went up to my room, and a little later Giralda, having quitted the theatre immediately after I did, called upon me, and sent up her name. The poor child was stunned at her discovery of my identity with the Lady Beatrice Hampton. She had heard the whole story of Geoffrey Trevelyan from the marquis' point of view. My husband! I told her all—your wrongs, our hopes, our fears—all!"

"All!" echoed the count. "What did she say?"

"What could she say? Her tender little heart was wrung with grief. I shall never forget the piteous, woe-stricken little face she lifted to me. She said the marquis loved her, and she loved him. She proposed to go home with him, and to use her influence over him for your benefit. I have faith, Geoffrey, that your reconciliation to the marquis, if it ever occurs, will come through her. I consented to her wish, and let her go."

"But how did you manage in regard to the marquis?" asked the count, thoughtfully. "He must have wondered at seeing none of Giralda's relatives!"

"He did see one, her mother!"

The Lady Beatrice narrated the particulars of her interview with Lord Trevelyan, in her disguise as the Countess of Arevalo, concluding with her meeting with Lord Adlowe at the door.

"By the way," she added, "Adlowe called upon me to-day, for an explanation, I suppose. I sent word I was engaged. He then left a message that he would call to-morrow at three, and should expect to see me without fail!"

"There is a covert threat in that message!"

"True. But I do not fear him so much as I did. Our secret is too safely guarded, *querido*, for even Adlowe to easily penetrate!"

"And how did my uncle look?" asked the count, in a low tone. "Happy?"

"Better than he has looked for years. Happier, and healthier in mind and body. He is a grand-looking old man. His awakening love for Giralda is humanising him. He looks as if he might live twenty years yet!"

The count sighed deeply.

"Twenty years more of estrangement, bitterness, and hiding. Where shall we be then, sweet wife? Where will our children be? But, Beatrice, high as I would prize my freedom, much as I long to claim you and our children before the world, I would not, if I could by a single wish, shorten that old man's life by a day. If I could only be friends with him! If I could only see him smiling on my children as he smiled on me in my boyhood! Vain wishes!"

"Not vain," said the true and tender wife, nestling closer to him, her glorious beauty made warm and tender by her love. "It was fate or providence that sent Giralda to Trevelyan Park. That providence will guide and guard her through all, and will make her the instrument of your restoration to all you hold dear—the right to acknowledge your family, the right to bear your own name—shown to be spotless—the right to your uncle's remorseful love. It will all come out right, Geoffrey. We have been a long time wading through the deep waters. The strong, dry land is near."

Thus tenderly she comforted him, like an angel of promise and peace.

The two sat up late, and conversed at length. Their daughter, far from them for the first time in her young life, their spirited, ambitious Herbert, and their own prospects, were all discussed again and again. And at last, weary yet cheerful, they retired, to dream of their loved ones.

The next day was a gala day. Yet the tender mother stole away from her family to pack Giralda's trunk, and to write a letter to her darling. The father and the boys also wrote at length, as did good Meggy Fleck, who had been duly enlightened as to the whereabouts of her young mistress. The trunk, when packed, was despatched at once on its journey.

It was on this day that Lord Adlowe called at Hampton House, by his own appointment, and failed, of course, to see the Lady Beatrice. The earl informed him, however, that his daughter had gone

to visit the Charltons, of Surrey—a statement which the hearer interpreted to suit himself, believing that Lord Hampton was endeavouring to cover from his, Adlowe's, too close observation, another of her ladyship's periodical absences or seclusions.

Enraged, and determining to proceed on a new plan, Adlowe set out that very afternoon for Wales, stopping over that night at an intermediate station to call upon a friend, and continuing his journey to the Park in the morning.

By this abrupt departure, Adlowe missed seeing Detective Rush, who called upon him at his hotel directly after the profligate lord had left it.

It was on the morning subsequent to Adlowe's departure that the detective telegraphed to his lordship at the Park. The events of that day, as connected with Adlowe and Giralda have been traced.

At the Laurels it passed, like the preceding one, gaily and delightfully. The third day passed, and evening came on with moonlight and starlight, a rarely pleasant evening for the season. The breezes moaned through the pines, making home comforts doubly sweet. The fire glowed brightly behind the steel bars of the grate, the lamps were lighted, and music and pleasant conversation gave fleetness to the hours.

The curtains had not been drawn. They seldom were, save on stormy nights, the perfect shade and seclusion of the place rendering intrusion into the grounds nearly an impossibility.

"How pleasant it is!" said the countess, breaking a long silence, with a shiver and a look of pain. "And yet I feel strangely anxious to-night. Something is wrong with us, my husband. Can anything have happened to Giralda? I wonder what she is doing!"

"You are nervous, Beatrice," responded her husband tenderly. "I think I have a touch of the same disease," he added. "I do not feel quite myself to-night. Our anxieties are too much for us."

He drew her head upon his breast, and looked adoringly into her glorious eyes.

It was at this moment that his bitter enemy—Lord Adlowe—crept to the window, parted the vines, and peered in. At the sight that met his gaze, Adlowe reeled as if struck with a mortal illness.

He beheld the woman he loved—the woman he had deemed happy, icy cold in her nature, and heartless—he beheld her like a very goddess of love, brightly glowing, her eyes shining like twin stars, her countenance radiant with a rare happiness, her head pillowed on a man's breast.

And that man! How Adlowe's burning eyes searched his features.

Evidently tall, he was magnificently formed, broad of shoulder, deep of chest, and majestic of mien. His bronzed, even swarthy complexion, his heavy black eyebrows, his black hair and beard, made up a perfect Spaniard in seeming.

Adlowe had believed him to be Geoffrey Trevalyan in disguise. This belief received a sudden shock at sight of him.

"That man Geoffrey Trevalyan?" he asked himself. "Can time have changed the bright, laughing boy, of slight figure and delicate constitution, into this grave, dark, bearded man? I can hardly believe it. This must be some new complication. Heaven! how Beatrice leans on him. I wish I could hear his voice."

His glance roved around the room, and rested upon the two boys, who were seated on a couch, close together, the elder brother engaged in putting a few finishing touches to a drawing.

His gaze might have scorched them both—it was so keen and burning.

"The elder boy is the Lady Beatrice all over," he thought. "If that dark count is really Geoffrey, that black-eyed boy is the future Marquis Trevalyan. The younger boy—that lily-faced, golden-haired, blue-eyed girl-boy—is much like Geoffrey was in his boyhood, only that my cousin had more life and spirit than he seems to possess."

He pressed his face closer against the glass.

The Lady Beatrice turned towards the window—started—stared—then leaped to her feet with a wild and ringing shriek.

"She saw me," cried the villain, leaping back. "I'm in for it now. I must face that man before he has time to escape."

He hurried to the front door, and rang loudly. Meggy was passing through the hall, on her way to the drawing-room, attracted thither by that fearful scream, and paused, giving him admittance. The next moment, recognising him, she uttered a loud cry of fright, and essayed to expel him. He pushed her aside, as if she had been a child, and hurried on,

bursting into the drawing-room with the force of a whirlwind!

CHAPTER XXXVI.

It is my soul, that calls upon my name;
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears!

Shakespeare.

LORD GROSVENOR came nearer and nearer, in his fleet little pleasure-boat, to the bluff cottage wherein Giralda was imprisoned. He did not speak. He looked up once or twice with a keen and searching glance, as if to assure himself that his movements were not watched by hostile eyes. Giralda listened, trying to catch the sound of his coming, under the loud murmur of the waves.

At length she heard a low, grating sound, as of the boat touching against the rocks.

"He is landing!" she murmured, pressing her face closer against the bars in the wild hope of seeing him. "Ah! Is not that the sound of his steps on the rocks? Or do I mistake the waves for his footsteps? It is he! It is he!"

She listened still more intently, straining her hearing to its utmost capacity. Surely that was the gentle patter of footsteps, as some one climbed the rocks. It grew plainer and more distinct. The climber had reached the top of the bluff now, and must be resting.

Again Giralda waved her arm through the bars to guide him to her window.

There was a brief silence. Then something crashed softly against the cottage wall, just under the window. It was the upper extremity of a ladder, which the young Lord Grosvenor had found lying in the garden.

Giralda's heart thrilled now with expectancy.

There came a soft rush, as of some one mounting gently, and then the face of her morning's rescuer appeared before the barred window.

"Giralda!" he whispered softly. "Miss Arevalo!" Giralda reached out both her hands through the bars, laughing and sobbing in a breath.

"It is I, Lord Grosvenor!" she said, in a broken tremulous voice. "Save me! Save me!"

The young lord took her hands in a warm, encouraging clasp, stroking them softly.

"You are safe from this moment, Miss Arevalo!" he said, with an unexpected tenderness that brought the quick blushes to her cheeks, and a strange and happy thrill to her heart. "You are a prisoner here!"

"Yes, yes, my lord. The door is locked. The windows are barred. These people are my enemies!"

"Your enemies? I should not dream that you had an enemy in the world!" was Lord Grosvenor's impassioned response.

"I never saw them till to-night. You know Lord Adlowe, Lord Trevalyan's nephew?"

"I know of him, but I have never seen him."

"He—he asked me to-day to become his wife," said Giralda, after a moment's hesitation. "I refused him. And to-night he had me brought here, to be kept a close prisoner until I shall change my mind!"

"Why, this is barbarous—infamous!" exclaimed Grosvenor, with indignant emphasis. "It is a proceeding worthy of feudal times!"

"And every minute I remain here is an injury to those I love!" moaned Giralda, in sudden and vivid remembrance of her father's peril. "Lord Adlowe has gone to work trouble upon my parents! Oh, my lord, can you get me out of this prison?"

"Yes, and instantly!" responded our hero, ardently. "I could cut these bars with my knife. No, the wood is too hard. Bessley is a hard and desperate kind of man, but I had better face him and demand your release. A straightforward directness is generally best. Ah! he is astir! I have awakened him: Have no fears, Giralda, I will protect you!"

He listened a moment, hearing movements in the lower rooms of the cottage. At the same moment he detected a fishing boat, manned by three stout fellows, creeping around the bluff, well into the shore.

He leaned forward on the ladder, catching at one of the bars of the window, waving his hat, and shouting loudly:

"Ho! there, boys. This way. Come up here, quickly. I have need of you."

The fishermen looked up, and shouted back a loud affirmative, pulling in for the shore. The young Lord of Grosvenor was a great favourite with these rough children of the sea, his daring and courage, his generosity to them and the widows and children of their drowned comrades causing them to regard

him not only as their benefactor, but as a being greatly superior to themselves.

Seeing them coming Lord Grosvenor rapidly descended the ladder to the ground.

And at the same moment the cottage door opened, and Bessley, a red, brawny, and savage-looking man, of Herculean proportions, appeared, half-dressed, upon his threshold.

"Who is this making such a row, and waking people at this time o' night?" he growled, in a deep, hoarse, bass voice, glaring at our hero.

"It is I—Lord Grosvenor," was the quick response, as the young lord confronted him. "I demand the release of your prisoner, Miss Arevalo."

"Prisoner!" ejaculated Bessley, his jaw falling.

"There ain't no prisoner here," declared Mrs. Bessley, making her appearance, also half-clad.

"Your lordship's mistaken."

"I saw her myself at the window. I have been talking with her. I know that Lord Adlowe hired you to keep her in close confinement. You see I know all. Give me the key of the young lady's room."

He planted his foot on the threshold of the cottage, and extended his hand for the key, looking so determined and stern that the woman momentarily quailed before him.

"Oh, law!" she ejaculated, forcing an uneasy laugh, as she recovered herself. "You must have seen my niece—an insane young woman—too low for your lordship's notice—"

"Once more," interrupted Grosvenor, with a voice like a clarion. "The key. Here come some friends of mine who will back me."

A hoarse cry came from the three fishermen, as they swarmed upon the bluff, and rushed towards the cottage, eager to assist their benefactor.

Bessley made a movement to retreat into his cottage and bar the door.

Too late. Lord Grosvenor and the fishermen were in as soon as himself.

"Will you give us the key, or shall we break the door down?" asked the young lord calmly. "Decide quickly!"

"Here is the key!" said the old woman, producing it, and commencing to whine. "Oh, my lord, don't go for to make us trouble! We are only poor people, obliged to do as our betters tell us!"

Lord Grosvenor paid no attention to her. Seizing the key and bidding the fishermen remain until his return, he flew up stairs and unlocked the door of Giralda's prison.

The young girl met him at the threshold, trembling with eagerness.

"I knew you would get me out!" she cried, raising her luminous eyes to his face in a glad ecstasy. "Oh, Lord Grosvenor! you have saved me the second time! How can I ever thank you?"

Lord Grosvenor took her fluttering hand and lifted it reverently to his lips.

"I will tell you sometime how you can thank me acceptably," he whispered.

Giralda drew away her hand in a sweet confusion. Somehow his words and manner strangely pleased her.

"Put on your hat and we will go," said his lordship. "I will take you in my boat to the Eyrrie, and from there you can go by carriage wherever you wish!"

Giralda attired herself hastily, giving her shawl and travelling bag to his lordship, who conducted her down stairs.

The fishermen greeted her with a cheer, having made a shrewd guess at the facts. Her late gaolers looked at her with glances of hatred, and the young girl hurried out, not breathing freely until she had gained the open air.

They paused a minute more on the bluff, while Lord Grosvenor briefly explained to the men the cause of his summoning them, and distributed among them a handful of silver. Then, taking Giralda's hand, he led her carefully down the rocks to his waiting boat, seating her upon a pile of cushions and pushing off.

"I was out for a pleasure sail, and thinking of you, Miss Arevalo," he said, when he had raised the sail and wore out from the lee of the bluff far enough to catch a puff of wind. "How pale you are! Are you not faint?"

"A little. The fresh air will soon revive me," answered Giralda, leaning back in a half-reclining position. "It is the reaction of my despair. The world has looked very dark to me to-night, my lord!"

"I don't doubt it," responded the young nobleman, in tender sympathy. "That Adlowe must be made to suffer for this infamous outrage, if there is any law in the kingdom!"

"Oh, no. I cannot make any formal complaint against him, my lord!" said Giralda, sorrowfully and wearily. "I must bear it in silence!"

"Call me Paul," said his lordship, with an ingenuous blush. "I am alone in the world, and have no one to call me by that name. 'My lord' sounds so formal from your lips!"

"You must call me Giralda, then," was the low response.

"Agreed. And now tell me, Giralda, why must you bear this wrong, this insult, this outrage, in silence?"

The maiden looked at her preserver, her soul in her eyes. He looked so manly, so honourable, so noble, that she was tempted to tell him her secret—her father's secret. She felt as if she must confide in some one, and he, who had twice saved her life, seemed no stranger, but a true and warm friend.

"My lord," she said, "that is, Paul," and she blushed vividly, as he could see in the soft moonlight that fell full on her lovely young face; "I have a great secret—one that concerns those who are dearer to me than life itself. I feel as if I must have some one to talk to to-night, or my heart will break!"

"Talk to me as freely and unreservedly as you would talk to a brother," said the young lord, with unobtrusive sympathy. "If you want my counsel I will give it. At any rate, your secret will be safe with me!"

"I know it. My lord—Paul—I told you this morning that I was the ward of Lord Trevalyan—his adopted niece! I am more—his own great niece! I am a Trevalyan!"

Lord Grosvenor looked surprised and mystified.

"I thought his lordship had but two nephews," he said, "Geoffrey Trevalyan and Lord Adlowe!"

"He had but the two. I am the daughter of Geoffrey Trevalyan!"

The young lord's look of surprise deepened.

"Did he not die in Brazil eighteen years ago?" he asked.

"No, he is living to-day. The secret is known to but few. Lord Trevalyan does not know that I am really his relative. He does not dream that his hated nephew lives. But Lord Adlowe knows all. He threatens to strike me through my dear parents, if I refuse to marry him!"

"The wretch!" said the young lord, with energy.

"Paul," said Giralda, with increasing earnestness, "you have heard of Geoffrey Trevalyan—my dear, wronged, and innocent father! You have heard that story which stained his spotless name, covering it with infamy. Let me tell you the truth!"

In an impassioned tone, with her truth and love beaming in every feature, she told him the version of the sad story as she had received it from the lips of the Lady Beatrice. She painted the vile character of Lord Adlowe; she told of her father's years of hope deferred, of her mother's trusting, clinging love, and of her own resolve to clear her father's name of every stain. Her voice broke down in sobs before she concluded, and it was no detriment to the unsullied, noble manhood of the young lord, that his tears fell with hers.

Her manner and her words had carried conviction to his soul.

"It was Lord Adlowe who contrived that scene," he exclaimed. "How it was done I cannot tell. But that assault and robbery were the result of a foul conspiracy against the honour of Geoffrey Trevalyan—perhaps against his life. Had the marquis's wound been serious, and had he died, Geoffrey Trevalyan's life would have been forfeited, and Adlowe would have stepped into possession of the estates. How strange that Lord Trevalyan never suspected the truth!"

"Oh! Paul, he trusts Lord Adlowe, although he affects a contempt for him. He is not fond of him. He does not love him, but it would be impossible to convince him of the truth, as I have convinced you. I have thought of telling him all the truth, but he would only cast me off, and hasten to have papa arrested. He will never be convinced of papa's innocence, save by the most complete and positive evidence. There was a man who could have thrown light on the matter—who could have cleared papa's name. He was Lord Adlowe's valet, and his name was Negwyn. I have heard that he went abroad. But he may have died there."

"You think it would not do to tell Lord Trevalyan the whole truth as you have told it to me?" suggested our hero.

"I know it would not. Listen, while I tell you how I happened to come to the Park!"

She told of her hidden home, her conviction that

she ought to support herself, her journey to the Park in search of a situation, and her utter ignorance that she was going to her rightful home, and to the presence of her kinsman. She told how she had won his lordship's love from her resemblance to Geoffrey Trevalyan, some of the particulars of her journey to London, and finally of the will the marquis had made in her favour.

"I can never tell him now, you see!" she said sorrowfully. "Lord Adlowe insisted that I had been sent by my parents to the Park to win Lord Trevalyan's savings. The marquis would think the same if he knew who I am. My uncle Trevalyan is apt to judge people harshly."

"I know he is. He was embittered by this belief in his nephew's ingratitude," replied Lord Grosvenor, who thought, with others, that Lord Trevalyan was hard and bitter to the very core. "You have a heavy burden to bear, Giralda. I wish I could bear it for you. You spoke of your mother. Geoffrey Trevalyan, I have heard, was betrothed to the Lady Beatrice Hampton when he disappeared. I have fancied that she has always kept single for his sake."

"My mother is the Lady Beatrice Hampton!" said Giralda, simply. "For my marriage has been kept secret. Until last week I did not know the truth. I am telling you all I know, Paul!"

"The secret is buried with me, Giralda," declared the young lord, with a look and manner that declared that she might rely on and trust him. "The Lady Beatrice Hampton your mother! Until this morning," and he blushed again ingenuously, "I thought her the most beautiful woman in the world. I have seen her often, Giralda. She has visited our family, and knows me well. And you are her daughter? I have always loved the Lady Beatrice, and I shall love her more than ever."

Giralda did not ask why.

A silence fell between the young pair, and the boat drifted on over the white-capped waves, in the moonlight, tacking now and then, and every moment drawing nearer to the Eagle's Eyrie. Giralda nestled her head on her cushions, and thought of all the manly perfections of her young rescuer, and he managed the sail, stealing frequent glances at her white face, and musing on her history, while his heart beat high with love and admiration for her.

It was true—his first love, and the love of his whole life had come to him on this desolate coast, and already was strong within his soul a desire to win this pure and lovely girl, so full of innocent witcheries, so tender and grave and earnest, for his wife. He dared not tell her yet of his resolve, lest he should frighten her, and thus defeat himself.

Giralda aroused herself from her reverie as the boat entered the shadow of the tall bluff, on which was perched the Eyrie. She noticed now a little rocky landing and stairs cut in the rocks, leading by a winding route to the top of a steep cliff. Her companion ran the boat into a little cove at the foot of these rude stairs, and secured it to an iron ring which was there for the purpose.

Then he gave her his hand with tender gallantry, and assisted her upon the stairs.

"I fear you are ill," he said anxiously, as they slowly mounted, hand in hand. "Your hand is like ice. Your face is flushed with fever, and you tremble like a leaf. All this excitement has been too much for you."

"I am only very tired, I think," said Giralda in a faltering voice, as a strange sensation of weakness came over her. "I should like to rest."

She paused a moment, leaning against the rock. The young lord hesitated an instant, and then drew her lovely drooping head to his breast, gently compelling her to lean against him, his soul thrilling with delight at her gentle dependence upon him.

Then, as she stirred faintly on his bosom, he lifted her and carried her in his arms to the top of the stairs, placing her on a stone bench at its summit to rest.

Giralda smiled and thanked him with a weariness she could not disguise. She looked around her, noticing that she was almost at the portal of the Eyrie, and that green terraces, with gleaming marble balustrades, stretched along the bluff, and to the east, in an inland direction, and that flower-gardens, a shrubbery, and extensive grounds lay beyond them.

The Eyrie, as has been said, stood on the very edge of the bluff. It was well named. The bluff cottage, seen from it, seemed a speck, far below. The view of land and sea was magnificent and far reaching. The building, or buildings, were of gray stone, of considerable extent, and formed in a prodigal style of architecture, which had gathered together turrets,

and towers, wide windows, balconies, and great projecting oriel windows, all of which aided to form a veritable picture-gallery whole.

Lord Grosvenor opened a door just behind Giralda, disclosing a long, wide hall, suited to a baronial castle.

"Come in, Giralda," he said, offering her his arm. "The air from the sea is too cold and damp for you!"

Giralda arose, not venturing to dispute his tone of gentle authority, took his arm, and was conducted along the hall to a pleasant room, called the "oriel parlour," from the fact of its possessing an oriel window. It was in this window that the red beacon light she had noticed was still burning, swinging by a chain from the ceiling.

"This is my favourite sitting-room," said his lordship, wheeling a couch up near to the fire, and gently compelling Giralda to occupy it, he removing her bonnet with his own hands. "The first thing you need is food. I presume you have not eaten since morning!"

"I couldn't eat," said Giralda, stammering.

"I thought so!" and the young lord gave a quick pull at the bell. "After you have had food, what then, Giralda?"

"I must go home—I must warn papa!"

"You are not fit to travel to-night. Let me plan for you. Lord Trevalyan loves you. He is doubtless half-frantic at your disappearance. He does not know your secret, and I do not believe Lord Adlowe wants him to know it yet. Do not give up the work you have undertaken until you are absolutely compelled to! Let me take you back to the Park as soon as you are sufficiently rested."

"But papa! Poor papa!"

"I will go to him. I will start by the morning train. I am acquainted with Lady Hampton. Let me go, Giralda. You are unable to make the journey."

Giralda smiled assent, and breathed a sigh of relief. She was about to give him the address of her father and to ask him to telegraph at once a warning to the Laurels, when the door opened and the housekeeper entered.

She was a plump, motherly woman, whom Giralda liked at the first glance. That glance was returned with a long stare of surprise, the woman being unable to conceive whence the young visitor had come.

"Miss Arevalo," said the young lord, "this is Mrs. Benton, my housekeeper, an excellent woman, who will take good care of you. Mrs. Benton," he continued, turning to the housekeeper, "this young lady is Miss Arevalo, the niece of Lord Trevalyan. I found her but now in great distress on the coast. She is tired and ill. See that she has supper immediately, and order the carriage to take her to the Park."

"The young lady ought not to stir out of the Eyrie to-night," exclaimed the motherly dame with emphasis. "She will be ill in earnest if she doesn't rest."

"Then send a messenger to the Park to assure Lord Trevalyan that she is in safety, and that she will return home in the morning," said his lordship. "See that the man goes at once."

The housekeeper bowed, and went out with a heart full of pity for the pale and sad young stranger.

"She shall have such a supper as she never had at the Park," she thought, hurrying along the hall. "The poor dear! How sorrowful she looks, and she but a child that should be playing with her dolls!"

While she despatched the messenger in haste, and hurried to prepare supper, Lord Grosvenor extinguished the red light in the window, and drew a seat near his lovely young guest, who smiled up at him gratefully.

"As I said, I will start for the Laurels in the morning," he said. "You must have no more anxieties, Giralda. If you would only let me shield you from them all. Now give me your father's address, and rely upon my earnest efforts to warn him in time!"

(To be continued.)

GOLD.—It was officially reported on the 1st July that a very rich gold-field had been discovered at Trunkay Creek, which lies in the west, about 38 miles from Bathurst and 16 from Carcarru. The field is described as consisting of auriferous quartz reefs, in which the precious metal is very abundant. These reefs have been marked off for six miles, and fresh

discoveries in the vicinity are reported daily. The district is mountainous for many miles round, and, besides gold, has silver, copper, iron, marble and limestone. It is also a pure agricultural country. All the gold-bearing reefs run north and south, and dip slightly to the west. A report is current to the effect that there are already 300 people on the ground and the whole neighbourhood is in a ferment.

EVELYN'S PLOT.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Oh, world, oh, life, oh, time!
When will return the glory of your prime?
No more—oh, never more!
Out of the day and night
A joy has taken flight.
Fresh spring and summer and winter hour
Move my faint heart with grief, but with delight.
No more—oh never more! Old Play.

OLIVER rose from his knees and took many turns around the room, his arms folded, his teeth pressed together, his eyes bent on the ground in deep and gloomy thought.

"It must not be," he thought; "it must not be. I have begun, and I must go on. I have committed myself fully to the work, and there is but one alternative—success, or utter ruin and despair—a blasted name and a father's—"

He stopped, for at the moment a light tap came at the door. He opened it; it was Mrs. Fleming, his father's nurse.

"What is it!" he exclaimed sharply. "Is my father worse?"

"No," she said; "no; but I thought I heard you calling, and I fancied you might be ill. Can I do anything for you, Mr. Oliver?"

He looked sharply at her, but the face was as quiet and passionless as ever, and he could detect no lurking meaning in its perfect repose and apparent submission.

"No," he said; "no, I thank you. You cannot forget your old morning duties to me, Mrs. Fleming."

She paused a moment, and gazed earnestly at him.

"Oliver Danvers," she said, laying her hand on his arm, and looking in his face with the tenderness and the pity of a mother. "Oliver Danvers, you cannot deceive me, who have been too much used to trouble for many, many years, not to recognise its marks whenever they appear. And whatever the secret that is so weighing on your heart, even like the agony of a torture that can scarcely be borne—whatever the doubts and the misgivings that haunt you like an evil and malignant spirit—in all your fears and doubts, only remember this. There is nothing unbearable except self-reproach; nothing that cannot be rectified except guilt. Years cannot wash away one; the strength of a Samson cannot support the other. If you are innocent, then thank God, even if He took from you every earthly blessing."

She lingered one brief moment, and then she glided away, even like a consoling spirit that had been sent to him in the depths of his despair, and in answer to his anxious and self-abasing prayers.

"Evelyn, what on earth induced you to run away in that fashion from the ball last night. It was about the best I ever remember, and there were at least half-a-dozen broken hearts mourning your disappearance."

It was Arthur that spoke on the morning after the ball, as Evelyn entered the breakfast-room at the late hour which the vigils of the previous night made only too natural for the lingering over a toilette to be attributed to any other cause. There was a strange contrast between the pale, tender face of the girl, and the light, careless, well-satisfied expression on the face of the young officer. Still there was nothing harsh in his manners and happiness, albeit he seemed so utterly unconscious of the trouble and the fears that were torturing the hearts of those most dear to him.

"I was tired, Arthur, and there were so few that I knew," was the reply.

"Tired! Why could not you, who have not been out for such an age, actually get through five hours of one of the most glittering affairs both in beauty and good taste of the season? And, as to knowing no one, why there were lots of folks wanting to be partners the whole of the evening, and Marie Wentworth just dying to be introduced to you."

"Marie Wentworth," repeated the girl, with a slight accent of scorn in her surprised tone.

"Yes, Marie Wentworth, the prettiest and the sweetest girl in the town, always excepting you, Eva; and as the dragon of an aunt was away, you might have got acquainted quite with impunity."

"Do you mean that her aunt would have objected to the introduction?" asked Evelyn, disdainfully.

"Well, no, not exactly; that is, she thinks Oliver an exceedingly fine fellow, more especially as he has just done an exceedingly generous thing for them?"

"What is that?" asked the girl, eagerly.

"What is it, Evelyn? What you may perhaps hardly be able to understand. It is just this: The old lady had sold Oliver a little estate of her niece's, which I suppose he meant for a sort of country house when he gets married, and it seems he had paid for it in some shares that turned out badly almost as soon as the purchase was made. And then there was a devil of a row, but Oliver carried it all through like a fine fellow, which he is, and took back the shares and gave back the estate, paying the deficiency into the bargain."

Evelyn gasped for breath.

"Was it in notes, was it in bank notes?" she exclaimed, as soon as the first pain was over.

"Yes; why do you ask, Eva. Are you going to question the validity of the securities in question?"

She smiled sadly.

"No," she said; "no, not that. But, Arthur, this is no jesting matter; I entreat you do tell me the truth. Was it in bank notes?"

"What of it. Certainly, Eva. Why do you ask, I say once more?"

The girl did not reply, though a look of agony passed over her face that warned Arthur not to ask any further questions till she chose to explain her meaning.

"It is simply this, Arthur. I rather wondered that Oliver had disposed of a great number of these notes lately, and I know he wanted some back that he had given me. That is all; and I was foolish to inquire about what does not really belong to me. Shall I give you some coffee?"

"If you please," replied the young man, setting to work resolutely at a grouse pie. "But, Eva, did you see Marie? I want you to help me out with getting acquainted with her. Why can't you get the old lady to call with you and say that Oliver sent you. The fact is, I am in for it, Eva. I should have been regularly in love with you if I thought it any use, but I knew it was not, and Marie is about the only one I ever saw that I could fancy besides you; so you see it is a duty to help me in the matter."

Evelyn smiled sadly.

"Be content, Arthur; you know well, that if it is possible I will do anything for your happiness, as for that of a brother; but I must ask Oliver before I do anything. You know not—you cannot know what may be involved in my taking such a step."

"Nonsense, Eva, as if there could be any harm in it. I suppose that he is not your lover or husband any more than he is your brother to direct all your movements. And he has been such a queer fellow ever since that accident, that there is no knowing what he may take in his head, especially if he thinks I am going to fall in love with Marie, and wants to keep her to himself."

How the blood rushed into Evelyn's white cheeks at the insinuation, and how she hated herself for the tell-tale flush.

"Arthur," she said, gravely; "you are wrong—very wrong to say such things. If Oliver has any reason for checking any friendship with the Wentworths, you know full well that it is a completely disinterested one. And I will not do anything that he does not know, and nothing that is contrary to his wishes so long as he stands in the place of my uncle and guardian. But the very first opportunity which offers itself you may rely on my trying to get acquainted with this same pretty brunette of yours."

"How did you know that she was a brunette, Eva?"

"How! Why did you not describe her to me at full length?" she said, playfully; "so that I could have recognised her at the Academy if I had met her there on the walls! But, Arthur, you must pardon me if I am apparently a little cold about this love passage of yours, when so many sad and anxious fears are pressing on me. Poor Cecil's absence, and then Oliver's gloom, and uncle's increased illness, make everything seem so dark and uncertain that I cannot realise anything like joy or even happiness just now."

The young man's face darkened.

"Ah; that is always like you, Eva, thinking of everyone rather than me," he said, bitterly.

"When you are in the same position with Oliver I will promise to yield you the same respect, and I now have the same anxious interest in your happiness," she said, gently. "Depend upon it I will keep my word when the occasion offers, and now I must bid you good morning, for I am wanted to go over some accounts with the housekeeper this morning, and it is very late."

She left the room with a somewhat forced smile, that died away the instant she had closed the door behind her.

She did indeed make her way to the housekeeper's

room, as she had said, but her step was slow and hesitating.

She had a strange dread in her mind that seemed to pervade her every action. She felt as if some misty atmosphere was around her that she could not escape. Wherever she went, and on whatever errand, she had the impression that the sorrow and the terror that was closing around her would be there to meet her.

And her hand actually trembled as she turned the handle and entered the good housekeeper's apartment.

"I am very glad you are here, Miss Evelyn," she said, rising respectfully to give the lady a chair. "I am very glad, indeed, for something has just happened that has vexed and surprised me very much, and I do not like to tell Mr. Oliver, because I can see that he has been sadly worried lately, and I don't want to add to it."

Evelyn's heart misgave her.

"Well, it's no great matter, you will say, Miss Evelyn, because it seems so soon put to rights, though indeed it is not quite so easy, perhaps as it seems. Well do you know, Miss Evelyn, that the nurse upstairs, that queer Mrs. Fleming, asked me to change her a bank-note, or get it changed for her, some little time ago. It was a funny thing I thought, for you see, Miss Evelyn, that I knew she could not have got it out of her salary because that is only just due, and this note I knew could hardly come from it, and it was one for fifty pounds, which was a large sum for any one in her position to have by her. But I did not refuse her of course, as a bank-note is a bank-note, and I thought it could not be wrong. But still it ran in my head that it was better not to commit myself, as you may say, and I gave her the money myself, and kept the note. And so I was going to pass it only yesterday when it was refused point blank by the butcher, who told me there was such a business going on just now about forged notes, that he dared not take it, and then he brought it back to me, with the request that I should give him the money, which made me feel very uneasy. Miss Evelyn, I don't quite know what to do. I don't want to get the nurse into trouble, as she seems to take such care of my master, and to suit him so well. And so I told Mr. Martin that I would just take the note and see about it, but that I should not give him the money till I had tried to change it, and till I had spoken to you, Miss Evelyn or Mr. Oliver. And here it is, Miss Evelyn."

She took from her apron pocket a small purse from which she extracted a bank-note, which she handed to her young lady.

Poor Evelyn! These bank-notes appeared to haunt her at every turn.

It was a terrible trial for one so inexperienced to have such a responsibility on her head; to feel that reputation and safety, and it might be life itself depended on her discretion and her self-command.

She luckily could find an excuse for a little delay in looking at the note itself. It appeared to her inexperienced eyes to be properly genuine, and like those that had been in her possession on other occasions; but then so were those that she had received from and restored to Oliver, some days before.

It was impossible to decide as to its genuineness on such an investigation, and she only endeavoured to gain time by it, as she replied to the good woman's questions.

"Certainly, Mrs. Baines certainly," she said. "You have done quite right. But I think there can be no doubt as to giving Mr. Martin the money. It is due to him, and even if there were any doubts as to this note, it can make no difference in that respect. If it is wrong, it would soon be traced back to me, and if it is all right it could be no loss whatever. In any case you shall give the money to him and I will take charge of the note."

"But I have not so much in hand Miss Evelyn, as you will see when we have made up the accounts."

And she turned to the books that lay in readiness before her.

They were literally voluminous.

There were ledgers and day-books, and the account-books sent in by tradesmen, for Evelyn to decypher and to inspect.

And to do the girl justice, she was more fully up to her task than many far older and far more experienced.

She had many a time amused herself by sharing in Oliver's calculations, when any arithmetical problem was in the question, and her tutor had certainly done her full justice in his instructions. So the books that would have perplexed and puzzled many a housekeeper of long standing, were quickly added up and examined by the young girl and then having compared Mrs. Baines' cash in hand and the expenditure, and taken a note of what would be required for the coming month, she prepared to leave her.

"I shall consult Mr. Oliver about the note, Mrs. Baines," she said, "at the very earliest opportunity."

unity. You say you have already given her the money."

"Yes, Miss Evelyn."

"Then you might easily—" she began, but then the remembrance of what might possibly result from such a line of conduct, stopped her.

"Perhaps," she said, "it will be better to leave the whole matter till I have consulted Mr. Oliver. I will tell you what his wishes are, as near as I can learn them. Till then do nothing."

And she left the room, the note in her hand, and walked with a firm, assured step to Oliver's room. It was not time for hesitation she told herself. She would confide her difficulties and her fears to her cousin, and strive, if possible, to win his confidence and to offer him the consolation and the support that a true woman's love would afford.

CHAPTER XXIV.

She looks upon his lips and they are pale,
She takes him by the hand and that is cold,
She whispers in his ear a moving tale,
As if he heard the woful words she told;
She lifts the upper lids that close each eye,
When, lo! two lamps burnt out in darkness lie.

Shakespeare.

EVELYN gave a gentle tap at Oliver's door, but received no answer. She repeated it yet louder; again no reply.

She tried the handle. It scarcely turned in her gentle grasp, and then, in another moment, she feared that it might be closed against her.

A mysterious dread—a horror for which she could not account to herself, and which she would have been agonised to put in words—suddenly seized her. It only gave her greater boldness to carry out her purpose, and she turned the handle of the door, determined to gain admittance at any cost of her cousin's displeasure. It yielded under her touch. But the next moment she stopped back in terror.

Oliver was lying on a sofa, his head buried in the pillow, his arms thrown over the arms of the couch, in an attitude of the most complete and abandoned despair.

His face was scarcely visible, but the cheek that lay uppermost was white and ghastly, and his hand clutched a paper that seemed covered with some kind of figures and calculations, to judge from the half glimpse that Evelyn caught of the sheet hanging down from the crushing grasp of the long fingers. She stood for a moment speechless and motionless. Then a deep groan escaped him—over again—and then she hesitated no longer. She glided noiselessly across the room, apparently quite unnoticed, and took his hand as she knelt down beside him with her soft, gentle fingers.

He started violently.

"What is it? Are they come?"

"It is I, dear Oliver," answered Evelyn, "your cousin. Are you not well?"

Oliver's white face flushed, his cheeks burned, and his whole frame trembled, as he flung away the caressing hand, and something very like a sob escaped him as he turned away from her gaze.

"Leave me, Evelyn. This is too much—too much. I may surely be left unmolested in my own room. Leave me I say!"

And he reluctantly turned from her gaze, and hid his face as far as he possibly could from even a glance.

Evelyn was awe struck. She had never seen her cousin so terribly moved before. Never had his voice sounded so strange, so despairing to her. Never had he addressed her in such tones of bitter harshness, since the first hour when she had entered that house, a more than orphan child.

"My dear, dear cousin, I cannot—I will not leave you," she said, still kneeling by his side, and striving to possess herself of the hand that still lay near her, and which held she tightened.

He flung it from him with an impatient gesture, that sent the blood back to her heart, and left the poor frame trembling with terror and grief.

"Oliver, dear Oliver," she said, striving to steady her voice, lest any agitation might irritate or distress him in his present mood, and losing all sense of any personal girlish shyness or reserve in this great crisis; "dear, dear Oliver, only trust me, and see whether I can't be of some little comfort to you. I can at least weep with you, and if I can do no more I will never betray your confidence in any possible circumstances that may arise. I will always try to return in some manner your goodness, and obey your slightest command. I would do all, all that I could for—"

She stopped, for at that moment Oliver raised his white face, and gazed inquiringly at her, with a strange, sharp, eager look.

"What do you mean, Evelyn? What is it you suspect? What is it that—that—"

And again the quivering lips seemed to fail him, and the writhing efforts to assume the usual look

of calm masculine superiority that had ever been his greatest charm in Evelyn's eyes broke down in a shudder of the whole strong frame, and a piteous entreaty of "Leave me, leave me," came murmuring through the closed lips.

"I will not leave you, Oliver," she said; "you cannot drive me from you unless by force. I can see that the trouble which I have suspected so long is even deeper than I feared. I know that there is some dreadful secret—that it will need my—our whole strength and energies to bear. And I am prepared for the worst. I will not give way. Only tell me."

"What have we to fear, Evelyn? Everything. I have lost all hope—all—"

"Nay, Oliver—cousin, you have not lost my—my affection, my steadfast sympathy."

He gazed sadly at her, but the wildness that had so troubled and alarmed her a few minutes before had vanished, and a deep hopeless sorrow alone remained.

"Your affection, Evelyn! Ah, that might indeed have been the—the prize I should have sought to win. I may tell you now, when it is all past, all—when my every hope and object in life is blighted, when I am utterly heart-stricken and crushed! You cannot be angry with me now."

"Angry? Oh, Oliver!"

A quick momentary glance, a tide of maidenly crimson over the white face, and then—and then Evelyn's heart gave a great bound of gladness. Even in the midst of that great and terrible grief; for in that sad tone, in those thoughtful, grateful eyes, there was such a flood of tenderness, such a story of love and devotion, long repressed, but now bursting forth from all bounds, that she could never doubt more.

Oliver loved her. That great, noble heart was hers. It beat only for her. She could never more be alone and helpless, and desolate. Oliver's love and strength, and thrilling tenderness would be her right, her possession.

There was a repose, a comfort in the very thought, and for a few brief moments she closed her eyes, and strove to realise to the very full the sweetness of the knowledge thus suddenly and unexpectedly acquired. But a deep sigh—almost a groan from her companion, routed her from her happy dreams. She looked up with her sweet trusting eyes, from which all embarrassment and shyness had vanished at the sight of Oliver's deep distress.

"Oliver—dear Oliver, if you do think me worthy of your affection, at least I am worthy of your confidence—what is it that we have to fear? What do you mean by saying that you have lost all hope and object in life. What has happened?"

He looked at her in speechless sorrow for some minutes.

Then he said in a low deep tone:

"Evelyn—I dare not—I can't—it is too much, too much."

And again he hid his face in his hands, and a shiver came over his whole frame.

"Leave me Evelyn, in mercy leave me. At least, let me preserve my self-respect, and not feel that I have taken a base advantage of your good nature. Leave me, I implore—I insist!"

The girl's resolution was taken now.

All minor considerations of womanly shyness and maidenly delicacy vanished before the one sympathising desire to love, to help, to comfort the stricken man before her. She clasped his hand, and gently moved it from his face.

"Oliver," she said, "dearest Oliver, I will never leave nor forsake you now. It is strange for me to say what you have never yet asked, but there are duties that swallow up all others. If you would have asked me for—that is," and the fair speaker paused, and the eyes lowered—"all that you would have wished me to say in the happiest times, I do say now. In weal, in woe, in happiness or grief, I am yours Oliver. And now—will you not trust me?"

A tide of joy came over the wan face, a brief unmistakable glance of ecstasy, and gratitude, and love, and his prostrate form started from the attitude of deep depression, and in a moment Evelyn was clasped to his heart, and his lips touched hers with the pure, tender kiss of true, deep love. But the very touch seemed to awaken him from the dream, the brief dream of love and happiness.

"My darling, my heart's only love," he said, softly and sweetly, as he gently drew her to a seat beside him; "you are, indeed, a noble creature, worthy of all, and more than all, the devotion that it was once my blissful dream to lavish on you. Evelyn, listen to me, for it is only just to you that you should know how long and how truly I have loved you. Yes, even in your earliest girlhood, ever since the first days of your childhood had passed, and the fair bud began to blossom into a promise of the most exquisite flower, I have loved

you, Evelyn, as few men can love. You were the first person for whom I had ever felt anything save the admiration that beauty must ever excite; the first time I knew, and felt to be, the one bright star that could shed brightness, and warmth, and beauty on my life. But I carefully hid this in my own heart. You were too young; there was such a difference in our ages, in our temperament, that I thought it but just to you to leave you free from even the influence that a knowledge of the truth might exercise over you. I had promised myself that if you went through this first season of your gay life untouched by the attractions and the homage with which you would be surrounded, that I would then try my fate, that I would then enter the lists as a suppliant for your love. But, now, as I told you, all is over, and I can only thank God that I have been thus preserved from dragging you, my most precious treasure, into the abyss that is yawning before me. And it is sweet—selfish as it may appear—it is very sweet, to know that I am dear to you, and that you will weep over my fate and believe that I have been innocent of any wrong, will you not, Evelyn? In happier days you will remember that your cousin's whole heart was yours, that he loved you better than life, and that had his fate been happier he would have guarded you from any shade of sorrow or grief with his very heart's blood, will you not, Eva, my own precious cousin?"

Evelyn had listened with downcast eyes and a fluctuating colour to Oliver's words. She seemed to drink them in, as it were, in her very inmost heart, like the grateful and precious dew of heaven. She did not attempt to interrupt him. And a casual observer might have supposed this apparent indifference to his pathetic tones, to be hard and cold. Perhaps Oliver was somewhat chilled by the calm silence, for when his voice ceased, and she still remained silent, a smothered sigh escaped him, and his hand that clasped her's somewhat relaxed its pressure. Evelyn appeared unmindful of this for a few moments. Her eyes were closed, her lips parted in a soft half smile.

She was very young, and the words she heard fell sweet on her ears, even while they wrung the heart from which they came. But when Oliver's hand was gently withdrawn from hers she suddenly roused to a remembrance of what he must be enduring to speak thus. She placed her soft fingers again in his and raised her soft eyes with a look that did not fall beneath his as she spoke:

"No, Oliver, I will not. If you do really love me I—I—yes, I will say it—I love you better than all else the world can give, then my place is at your side, in sorrow as in joy. I tell you now, Oliver what no power should have made me confess so boldly in the full light of day—I tell you that my whole happiness is linked with yours—that my whole heart's love, my every thought and hope are centred in you, and I cannot tear them away without the agony and bitterness of death. Even in sorrow and sadness it is happier to love and be loved by you; to feel that I can in some degree soothe and comfort you, weep with you, suffer with you; happier than any other lot that divided me from you, Oliver!"

(To be continued.)

FACETIÆ.

MOUNSEER JOHN BULL ABROAD AND AT HOME.

Abroad.

Mounseer J. B. (at the Hotel of Three Thousand Columns): "Look here, Mossoo, nous voulons—that is, me et ma famille—the best of everything, and, prennny garde—look sharp about it!"

At home again.

Emma Jane (who was left in charge): "Oh, if you please, sir, I'm so glad you've come back! The tradespeople has been going on so about the bills you left unpaid; and there's a old gentleman downstairs a-smokin', which he says he's a hexecution."—*Judy.*

NURSERY LOGIC.

"Mamma, what are panniers?"
"Baskets worn on the back of donkeys, my dear."
"Then mamma, Sarah must be a donkey, for she told Jane she should wear a pannier next Sunday!"—*Will-o'-the-Wisp.*

AGE FOR HONESTY.

Flint Jack, the notorious forger of fossils and other relics, was brought before the Northallerton magistrates charged with theft. He pleaded that when he committed it, he was "superannuated with drink." We suppose he meant he had more than he could 'old.—*Fun.*

ABYSSINIAN GOLD.

It was generally understood that when the expedition to Abyssinia returned, those who controlled the arrangements had brought back with them whatever

spoils was to be obtained from Magdala. This we find is not the case. Messrs. Pyke, of 17, Thavies Inn, Holborn have dispelled this illusion; at any rate, they have, by some strange method of enterprise, introduced into this country a quantity of "Abyssinian Gold"—a metal, or combination of metals, which has the fullest approbation of *Will-o'-the-Wisp*.—*Will-o'-the-Wisp*.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE QUESTION.—Earl Fortescue and Sir Stafford Northcote, who have been speaking lately at a harvest festival dinner in Devonshire, seem to be of opinion that the agricultural labourer is better off than is supposed, and that much ignorance is shown about his real condition; in fact that those who think his state very deplorable are themselves labourers under a mistake. We hope it is so.—*Punch*.

A LIGHT MATTER.

It is alleged that an invention has recently been made whereby sewage, by some process, is converted into gas. Setting the Thames on fire may be, therefore, viewed as possible, and, doubtless, also profitable. Perhaps, too, the invention may be turned to such good use that our sewage may be burned before polluting our fair river. We now throw it to the dogs by wasting it at Barking. By converting it to gas we should certainly establish the fact of our enlightenment. The cost of gas at present is so heavy here in London that nobody but millionaires can afford well to make light of it.—*Punch*.

A COMBINATION.

We understand that next session there will be a decided attack made upon the law of Capital Punishment. The forces of the opponents of Hanging are strengthened by the accession of the Temperance party. Of course the latter might be expected to oppose the drop.—*Fun*.

CASH AND AMALGAMATION.

Oh! have you heard a tale of late
How companies amalgamate?
The way it's done I'll shortly state—
Cash and Amalgamation!

When on the ice some little Co.
Is sliding, and must downward go,
He clutches with convulsive woe
At any body near, you know.
Then some soft-hearted Manager
Holds out a glove all lined with fur,
And cries—such people never err—
"Cash and Amalgamation!"

Roll in! the magic work's begun,
Roll in more Companies for fun,
From eight or ten to fifty-one—
Cash and Amalgamation.

And now Commissions quickly move,
Which highly beneficial prove
To those who glide in a certain groove—
Cash and Amalgamation!

These marriages, you understand,
By Plutus are discreetly planned,
Who joins the couple hand to hand,
Like a Beadle with a golden band,
The ceremony is so sly,
No friends with nose-gays standing nigh,
The Bride alone doth softly sigh—
Cash and Amalgamation!

Roll in, &c.

Wind up! wind up the curtain green,
Act third and last—an old set scene,
A Board-room with a folding screen—
Cash and Amalgamation!

The flimsy plot begins to flag,
The actors now indulge in gag,
And speak the part familiar tag,
At which their heads old critics wag:
"Kind friends, for us let candour plead,
We've done our best in time of need,
So let the will stand for the deed—
Cash and Amalgamation!"

And now the winding up 's begun,
Let henceforth all those unions shun,
Which profit only bring to one
In Cash and Amalgamation.—*Punch*.

FOUR SUFFICIENT REASONS.

The Harvard crew obligingly reserved, until getting home, the true reasons of their defeat by Oxford. Here they admitted that everything had been fair and honourable, and that the best men had won. But at a banquet at Delmonico's, in New York, they have had another tale to tell. They attribute their defeat:

1. To their not having been allowed to run about for exercise, at Putney, in the costume of Adam before the Fall.

2. To their not having been able to get sea-bathing at Putney.

3. To "bother" in getting food, which they say they had to obtain secretly, and at different places, for fear of its being "drugged."

4. To their having got the "wash" of the Oxford crew.

It is almost a pity that these things were not thought of sooner. The first difficulty could easily have been met by a police order like that issued in behalf of Lady Godiva. The second, by an express train being always ready to rush off with them to Brighton. The third, we own, was serious, but the precautions taken with race-horses might have been adopted, and a Taster have been appointed by the American Minister. As to the fourth, we can only say that Cambridge never raised such an objection, and, with all deference, we think it is rather a wisky-washy excuse. We half suspect that the American nature is not suited to athletic contests in which, said to say, somebody must be beaten. However, here is an end of an affair which perhaps had better not have come off.—*Punch*.

AGREED!

To make the most of life and health—
To take the safest road to wealth—

Agreed!

To live upon the temperance plan—
To do a kindness when I can—
To help my neighbour in his need—

Agreed!

To envy not the rich and great—
To be content with my estate—

Agreed!

To early sow if I would reap—
To quench my wrath before I sleep—
To others' wants and wishes heed—

Agreed!

To guide the footsteps of the young—
To let not slander stain my tongue—

Agreed!

To daily earn what I shall eat—
To strive in dealing not to cheat—
To do my best in word and deed—

Agreed!

A. K.

GEMS.

SOME hearts, like primroses, open most beautifully in the shadows of life.

APPEARANCES.—We should gain more if we left ourselves to appear such as we are, than by attempting to appear what we are not.

WINK at small injuries rather than avenge them. If, to destroy a single bee, you throw down the hive, instead of one enemy you make a thousand.

KEEP doing, always doing—remembering that wishing, dreaming, intending, murmuring, talking, sighing, and repining, are all idle and profitless employments.

ACTIONS are higher ground of honour than any speech. Is not life weightier and nobler than words?

TRUTHFULNESS is a corner-stone in character; and if it be not firmly laid in youth, there will ever after be a weak spot in the foundation.

WERE we to believe nothing but what we could perfectly comprehend, not only our stock of knowledge in all the branches of learning would be shrunk to nothing, but even the affairs of common life could not be carried on.

YEARS rush by us like the wind. We see not whence the eddy comes, nor whitherward it is tending; and we seem ourselves to witness their flight without a sense that we are changed; and yet time is beguiling man of his strength, as the winds rob the woods of their foliage. He is a wise man who, like the millwright, employs every gust.

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

TO PRESERVE MEAT IN HOT WEATHER.—M. Guignet states in *Les Mondes* that butcher's meat may be preserved in hot weather by placing it in large earthen jars, putting clean heavy stones upon it, and covering it with skim milk. The milk will become sour, of course, but may afterwards serve as food for pigs, and the meat will be found to have kept its natural primitive freshness, even after eight or ten days.

WATERPROOFS.—"I think I can give travellers a valuable hint or two. For many years I have worn india-rubber waterproofs, but I will buy no more, for I have learned that good Scottish tweed can be made completely impervious to rain, and, moreover, I have learned how to make it so; and, for the benefit of my readers, I will here give the recipe: In a bucket of soft water put half a pound of sugar of lead and half a pound of powdered alum; stir this at intervals until it becomes clear; then pour it off into another bucket, and put the garment therein, and let

it be in for twenty-four hours, and then hang it up to dry without wringing it. Two of my party—a lady and gentleman—have worn garments thus treated in the wildest storm of wind and rain without getting wet. The rain hangs upon the cloth in globules. In short, they are really waterproof. The gentleman, a fortnight ago, walked nine miles in a storm of rain and wind such as is rarely seen; and when he slipped off his overcoat his under-clothes were as dry as when he put them on. This is, I think, a secret worth knowing; for cloth, if it can be made to keep out wet, is in every way better than what we know as waterproofs." T. L.

CURE FOR HYDROPHOBIA.—A single vapour bath is sufficient to prevent hydrophobia by eliminating the virus; nevertheless, for the sake of greater security, Dr. Buisson caused seven to be taken in as many days, at a temperature of from 42 deg. to 48 deg. Réaumur (127 deg. to 140 deg. Fahrenheit). Care should be taken to press the wound well while in the bath, in order to promote the expulsion. If the disorder has declared itself, I only prescribe a single bath, and leave the patient in it till the cure is effected, taking care to raise the temperature gradually. Hydrophobia may last three days. Experience has proved to me that the cure is certain on the first day of the outbreak; on the second it is uncertain, and on the third impossible, from the difficulty and danger there would be in conveying the patient to the bath, and keeping him in.

STATISTICS.

INDIA'S INDEBTEDNESS.—The natives of India hold almost none of our railway stock and comparatively little of our debt. The registered debt of India, as distinguished from that issued and paid in gold in England was 62,827,200*l.* at the end of last year. Of this 15½ millions had been enforced for payment of interest in London, and notes representing so much as 9½ millions had not been presented for interest. Of the remaining 37½ only 11½ was held by natives and 25½ by Europeans. Deducting the currency reserve, 18 millions are held in Calcutta, 5 in Bombay, 5½ in Madras, and nearly 5 in the Mofussil. The whole debt of India, bearing interest in India and England, is about 105 millions, or little more than twice the revenue.

DEBTS OF BOROUGHES.—The debts of some of the municipal boroughs of England are of considerable amount. The annual accounts made up the 31st of August, 1868 show the debt of Manchester to be 838,204*l.*; of Halifax, 737,869*l.*; of Birmingham, 627,373*l.*; of Oldham, 534,849*l.*; of Newcastle-upon-Tyne 274,506*l.*; of Preston, 198,975*l.* The total of secured debts is 4,909,743*l.* and thirteen boroughs sent in no account. The amount borrowed on security in the year was 581,666*l.* The expenditure on public works in the year ending the 31st of August 1868, was 1,103,086*l.*; at Manchester, 414,812*l.*; Liverpool, 127,892*l.*; Newcastle, 95,960*l.*; Halifax, 93,233*l.*; Oldham, 73,667*l.*; Birmingham, 70,807*l.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

A TELEGRAM through the French Atlantic cable states that three steamers, with 1,600 men on board, have escaped from American ports and have sailed for Cuba.

THE Sultan has lately rejected the proposal of the Viceroy of Egypt to refer the matter in dispute between them to the Great Powers, and insists on the complete compliance of the terms of the Grand Vizier's second letter. The *Turquie* hints that, as the penalty of continued refusal of the Viceroy to submit to these terms, it is probable that he will be superseded by Mustapha Pasha, whose ostentatious reception at Constantinople excited some notice a short time since.

ABOLITION OF MOP FAIRS.—Three mops for the hiring of servants and agricultural labourers are annually held in Gloucester on the Mondays following the Barton Fair. The lads and lasses stand at the Cross, like slaves in a market-place, and submit to be examined and even felt by the farmers and their wives who come to hire. This year a suggestion was made that an attempt should be made, in connection with the Church of England Association, to mitigate the circumstances of this relic of barbarism. The Corn Exchange was hired, and opened free of charge; a refreshment stall was provided; and at the first mop this week a goodly number of masters and mistresses and servants availed themselves of the privilege. All due arrangements were made, and were very successfully carried out under the care of Canon Tinsling, Mrs. Elliott (wife of the bishop), and others. It is to be hoped that the success of this movement will progress even further.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MOUNTAIN ROSE.—The hair is of a pretty flaxen Saxon colour.

S. ECKERS.—We are not acquainted with the author concerning whom you write.

J. BEARDON.—All the volumes of the LONDON READER can be had bound in cloth for 4s. 6d. each.

LOTTIE.—The handwriting is very fair, although you have sent us a somewhat careless specimen.

A. V. (Liverpool).—The ivory keys must be taken out scraped, and repolished.

H. COLEMAN. should forward the manuscript subject to our regulations.

EDITH.—Leave off the dye, and wash your hair frequently in the ordinary way.

E. C.—You can endeavour to take away the hair you consider superfluous by means of the tweezers. Pray do not attempt any other remedy.

BESSIE YATES.—The hand writing is bold and very good. Marking ink, as you are aware, is considered infelicitous, but you could try a solution of soda and oxalic acid.

H. W. H.—Courtesy demands that we should acknowledge the receipt of your second communication. That it has reached us is probably all you care to know.

A. Z.—The necessary notice is six months, which must be so given as to terminate on the day on which your tenancy commenced.

MR. BLACKBIRD.—Do not give salt for the sake of giving it. The birds' instincts will cause them to avoid anything injurious which may happen to fall in their way.

OLD POSTAGE STAMPS.—Mr. Belton, of Wellington, Salop, wishes Mr. E. F. Russell to communicate with him upon the above matter.

LILLIAN.—You can summons, certainly. If the defendant denies the receipt of the money, which possibly he may not do, the County Court judge will decide which of the two versions he believes.

AURELIA LAMBERT.—If the matter is really so serious as you intimate it would be a good plan to have your head shaved. But you should take medical advice upon the subject.

W. J. ADRIE.—The marriage is good. The law of England recognises as valid all marriages contracted according to the law of the place where the parties were married.

WESTON.—We do not exactly understand your communication. From what we can gather, however, we should say that the instrument is quite valid, notwithstanding an informality of which we never heard before.

J. HURST.—Philosophy in humble life, well considered is a grand thing; for it is a gigantic contribution to the cause of civilisation. What does the poet Elliott say, himself originally a mechanic?

"Learned he was—nor bird, nor insect flew;
But he his leafy home and history knew;
Nor wild flower decked the rock, nor moss the well,
But he its name and qualities could tell."

SHY.—1. Of course the sugar can be omitted if you please. 2. It is beneficial to put salt in the water in which you bathe. 3. Not to clean the teeth is to form a very bad and injurious habit. 4. The "Kalydor" is harmless certainly. It may be beneficial.

OSMERA.—For a good hair wash, into a quart of boiling water put an ounce of borax and half-an-ounce of camphor, powdered. A weak solution of nitrate of silver will dye the hair black, but it must be most carefully applied, and must not on any account touch the skin.

ROBERT BARKER.—The lines will not do. We can understand your sentiment upon the occasion, but you have not managed to express it correctly. It is not merely your attempt at versification which has failed, your statements of fact are also wrong.

S. J.—Qualification for the police force is not included in the list of Civil Service examinations. The men are, doubtless, chosen from private regulations agreed upon by the commissioners. Sergeants and inspectors often obtain their position through promotion from the ranks.

LILY DALE.—All cosmetics are injurious, because there is arsenic in them. Soap and warm water, a nice soft towel, early rising, moderate exercise, a generous diet, and kindly thoughts and feelings, are the only things that will impart a bloom to the countenance.

ARQUE.—Second-class assistants of Exeter have to pass an examination in writing from dictation and arithmetic, including vulgar and decimal fractions. Their commencing salary is about 80l. per annum. The nomination cannot be altered. The handwriting will do, but you have made one mistake in the spelling.

HARRY.—An apprentice leaving his master's service must serve beyond the term for the time he was absent, if it be within seven years after the expiration of the term. Absconding apprentices are liable to be committed to the House of Correction for any period not exceeding three months. Your handwriting will do.

J. H. E.—You write a very distinct hand. You should always choose the proper way of doing anything. Think of the old proverb: "Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well." It is usual to send your name and address when you correspond with an editor. May we call your attention to the matter of orthography?

LADY HENRIET.—1. It is quite possible for a true friendship to exist between a young man and a young woman, but the position is somewhat dangerous. 2. The colour of the hair is light brown. 3. About 5ft. is a very nice height for ladies in the opinion of many. 4. Upon your last question a dozen pages could be written. Your own instinct, however, must be appealed to for the present.

A. B.—There is sufficient uncertainty about the case to prevent there being any solid grounds whereon to claim. As the marriage took place only four years after the first husband went abroad, it is probable that he was living when the so-called second marriage took place, consequently the person you now call the present husband may not be a husband at all.

KATE.—Your father is not penurious or stingy; it is you who are extravagant and thoughtless. Be advised. We are ruined, not by what we really want, but by what we think we do. Therefore, never go abroad in search of your wants; if they be real wants, they will come home in search of you—for those that buy what they do not want will soon want what they cannot buy.

ROBIN.—Every animal eats as much as it can procure. A cow eats but to sleep, and sleeps but to eat. A whale swallows ten millions of living shrimps at a draught; a nursing canary bird eats its own bulk in a day; and a caterpillar eats five hundred times its weight before it lies down to rise up a butterfly. The mite and the maggot eat the very world in which they live—their nestle and build in their own roast beef; and the hyena, for want of better, eats himself.

DAISY.—We can find no authentic particulars as to the difference between a Kentish maid and a maid of Kent. We have heard that a man of Kent was one who lived in the eastern division of the county, while a Kentish man inhabited the parts west of Canterbury. If we might hazard a conjecture, we should say that a maid of Kent was the more aristocratic appellation of the two. *Fiat justitia* signifies "Let justice be done." Your handwriting is not only good but elegant.

THE SINGLE REAPER.

Behold her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland Lass!
Reaping and singing by herself;
Stop here, or gently pass!
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain;
Oh, listen to the vale profound
Where流水 flows with the sound.
Will no one tell me what she sings?
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago.
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again?
What's the theme, the maiden sang,
As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending;
I listened, motionless and still,The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.

C. H.

JESSIE CAMERON.—Frames are gilded with leaf gold, which is put on them after they have been properly prepared. You can purchase books of leaf gold at a gold-beater's. The order of manipulation is first to thoroughly cleanse the frames, then to give them a coating of size, next to apply the leaf gold. But all this is an art to which an apprenticeship has to be served. You had better leave your hair alone. It appears to be very nice. We can discern in it no trace of red. Thanks for the information you have sent us.

JULIA.—Conversation resembles the flowing of a mighty river. At its commencement, when it first trickles from its rocky source, its transparent waters brighten the little pebbles over which it flows, and its tiny ripples, as they dash along in their precarious course, sparkle with each ray of light, and gladden the heart of the beholder with their brilliancy. Anon, the broad channel is contracted, and the streamlet increasing in depth as it advances, and gathering strength and volume on the way, with difficulty presses through its narrow banks. The rapidity of the current is lessened, the glowing ripples are gone, but in their place are depth and vigour. No longer turning aside to play with shining stones, or dance with the sunbeams, profoundly and quietly it passes on, overcoming all obstacles.

CHARLES G.—Be not too sanguine. The temple of truth is built indeed of stones of crystal, but, inasmuch as men have been concerned in rearing it, it has been consolidated by a cement composed of baser materials. It is deeply to be lamented that truth itself will attract little attention and less esteem, until it is amalgamated with some particular party, persuasion, or sect; unmixcd and undiluted, it too often proves as unfit for currency as pure gold for circulation. Sir Walter Raleigh has observed that he who follows truth too closely must take care that it does not strike out his teeth; but he that follows truth too closely has little to fear from truth, but he has much to fear from the pretended friends of it. He, therefore, that is dead to all the smiles, and to all the frowns of the living, alone is equal to the hazardous task of writing a history of his own times worthy of being transmitted to times that are to come.

C. B. KENT.—Your letter contains so much good sense

that we are inclined to say to you, give the encouragement which your heart longs to bestow, and which is ready to burst forth upon your pretty face, for pretty we are sure it must be to have won such attentions. Having, however, complied with that portion of your heart's desire, what next—and next? A while ago, we were reading of a very difficult exploit which was performed almost as far north as the place from which you write. As one man there stooped to pick up what he was in search of, another held his hand that he might not overreach himself and thus be lost. Who will hold your hand, pretty one, as you venture forth upon your longed-for pursuit? You must love 'tis true. If love is really now coming to your heart, could you not, think you, when you are sure that you are not mistaken in the fact, could you not make a confidant of "mamma." Tell her the tale, she has heard such a tale before, and as you make your maiden essay ask her lovingly to "hold your hand."

A. HAMMOND.—It is a natural law that air when warm is lighter than air at the ordinary temperatures. We see that smoke goes up a chimney, or rises upwards from a firelighted end of doors. Why is this? Because a stream of air passes through the fire, and being thus warmed, it goes, carrying the smoke with it. In cold weather we see also that breath ascends as it leaves the mouth and nostrils; and the rising of steam from the spout of a tea-kettle must be familiar to every one. And it is owing to the continual movement occasioned by the passage of warm currents that the atmosphere is maintained in a healthy condition. Here we have so many proofs that warm air ascends, and if we make a proper vent it will escape of itself from a room. Except in unwholesome neighbourhoods, when we are out of doors we breathe in, or inspire pure air; but as the greater part of most persons' lives is passed in-doors, it concerns us chiefly to know how to bring pure air into houses and workshops. Generally speaking, no attempt is made to get rid of bad air; people who attend crowded meetings will have observed that the windows of the building soon become covered with vapour, which, after a time, runs down in large drops; besides this, a sickly, suffocating smell is perceived, produced by the watery vapour of the breath, the carbonic acid gas which comes off the lungs, and the perspiration constantly thrown off from everyone's skin. All these effects put together make up a sickening and poisonous atmosphere. And if pure air were prevented finding its way in from the outside, before many hours all the people in the room would certainly die. If a man happen to die while cleaning out an old well, or a cess-pool, or several persons are suffocated by the foul gas from a sewer, the event creates quite a sensation; but no one is startled by the fact that thousands of people in this country are breathing poisoned air day after day as long as they live. In addition to the causes above mentioned, by which the air is vitiated, or rendered unfit for breathing, the use of gas, oil-lamps, or candles in a room tends further to spoil it, as they all throw off carbonic acid gas.

DAISY, twenty, 5ft. 4in. Respondent must be in easy circumstances, good tempered, and send his *carte de visite*.
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"Many parties have been entirely cured of Coughs, Asthma, &c. (after years of suffering), by your inestimable medicine" (Dr. Locock's Wafers).

The above is from MR. E. H. BARNISH, Druggist, Market Place, Wigan.



Give instant relief to asthma, consumption, coughs, and all disorders of the breath and lungs.

TO SINGERS AND PUBLIC SPEAKERS

They are invaluable for clearing and strengthening the Voice, and have a pleasant taste. Price 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. per box. Sold by all Chemists.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT.

Diseases of the most formidable and chronic character have been cured by Holloway's remedies, after the usual external and internal treatment has signally failed. Ulcerations which have proved themselves incurable by any other known means have healed kindly under the purifying and regenerating influence of this excellent Ointment. Sprains, stiff joints, contracted muscles, and glandular swellings can be most safely and effectively treated by Holloway's Ointment and Pills, which can do no harm under any circumstances. Neither of these medicines have anything deleterious in their composition, both are essentially purifying and strengthening in their nature, while the Ointment reduces sores to that healthy condition preparatory to healing, the Pills improve the digestion and expel impurities.

THE VOICE AND THROAT.

A Charming Bell-like Voice for all who wish to sing is produced by

MILES DOUGHTY'S VOICE LOZENGES.

Testimonial (No. 845) from JERRY LIND, June 22, 1847: "These Lozenges give a bell-like clearness to the Voice, Stop its Decline, Improve, Sustain, and Increase the Flexibility, Brilliance, and Power of the Voice."

"The Great VANCE" writes: "I find them very beneficial."—Testimonial the 4087th.

In boxes, 6d., 1s., and 2s. 6d., post free, by MILES DOUGHTY, Chemist, 26, Blackfriars Road, London, and of your family Chemist.

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS, ARMS, HANDS, EYES, AND EVERY DESCRIPTION OF SURGICAL APPLIANCE.

CONVENIENCES & ARTIFICIAL LIMBS, ARMS, HANDS, EYES, AND EVERY DESCRIPTION OF SURGICAL APPLIANCE.

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Address: No. 9, WYNYATT STREET, CLERKENWELL, E.C.

GOUT AND RHEUMATISM.

THE excruciating pain of gout or rheumatism is quickly relieved and cured in a few days by that celebrated Medicine, **BLAIR'S GOUT AND RHEUMATIC PILLS**.

They require no restraint of diet or confinement during their use, and are certain to prevent the disease attacking any vital part.

Sold by all Medicine vendors at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per box, or obtained through any Chemist.

PATRONISED BY HER MAJESTY,
AND THEIR R.H. THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.

NICOLL'S TRICHANOPHRON

Removes the scurf and all impurities from the skin, Strengthens the Weak Hair, prevents its turning Grey, and by daily application restores Grey Hair to its original colour, imparting to it a beautiful clean, glossy appearance. In cut crystal stoppered bottles, 2s. 6d.

NICOLL'S HAIR CUTTER

To H.R.H. the Prince of Wales,
11, AIR-ST.,
REGENCY STREET.

NICOLL'S GOLDEN TINCTURE

For giving a Brilliant Golden Shade to Hair of any colour. Sold in bottles, 3s. 6d. each.—Prepared by NICOLL, Hair Cutter to H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, Inventor of the "TRICHANOPHRON" for the Hair.

Post Office Orders payable G. NICOLL, 11, Air Street, Regent Street.

HAIR RESTORED
And Baldness Prevented by
NICOLL'S
Electric Hair Regenerator

One application prevents the hair from falling off, and by its use the short weak hair on the head apparently bald, commences to grow with a vigour and rapidity truly astonishing. Sold in bottles, 2s. 6d. each.

Prepared by NICOLL, Hair Cutter to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales
No. 11, AIR STREET, REGENCY QUADRANT.

RUPTURES.—BY ROYAL LETTERS PATENT.

WHITE'S MOC-MAIN LEVER TRUSS



Is allowed by upwards of 500 Medical Men to be the most effective invention in the curative treatment of HERNIA. The use of a steel spring, so often hurtful in its effects, is here avoided; a soft bandage being worn round the body, while the requisite resisting power is supplied by the MOC-MAIN PAD and PATENT LEVER, fitting with so much ease and closeness that it cannot be detected, and may be worn during sleep. A descriptive circular may be had, and the Truss (which cannot fail to fit) forwarded by post, on the circumference of the body, two inches below the hips, being sent to the

Manufacturer, Mr. JOHN WHITE, 228, Piccadilly, London.

Price of a Single Truss, 16s., 21s., 26s. 6d., and 31s. 6d. Postage, 1s.

" of a Double Truss, 31s. 6d., 42s., and 52s. 6d. Postage, 1s. 8d.

" Umbilical Truss, 42s. and 52s. 6d. Postage, 1s. 10d.

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New Patent Elastic Stockings, Knee-Caps, &c.

The Material of which these are made is recommended by the faculty as being peculiarly ELASTIC and COMPRESSIBLE, and the best invention for giving efficient and permanent support in all cases of Weakness, Swelling of the Legs, Varicose Veins, &c. Prices 4s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 10s., and 16s. each. Postage, 6d.

JOHN WHITE, Manufacturer, 228, Piccadilly, London.

MRS. WINSLOW'S

Advice to Mothers.—Are you broken of your rest by a sick child, suffering with the pain of cutting teeth? Go at once to a chemist, and get a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor sufferer immediately; it is perfectly harmless; it produces natural quiet sleep, by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes "as bright as a button." It has been long in use in America, and is highly recommended by medical men; it is very pleasant to take; it soothes the child, it softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for dysentery and diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP, and see that "Curtis and Perkins, New York and London," is on the outside wrapper. No mother should be without it.

• Sold by all medicine dealers at 1s. 1½d. per Bottle. London Depot, 205, High Holborn.

SOOTHING SYRUP

CARPETS.

SUPER BRUSSELS, TAPESTRY, KIDDERMINSTER, Dutch, Venetian, Printed Felt, and Stair Carpets, in the Newest Patterns, excellent in quality and low in price, at W. HAMILTON'S, 45, Ship Street, Brighton, Manufacturer of every description of Bedding and Upholstery Goods.
N.B. Tapestry Carpets, 2s. 6d. per yard.

COMALINES! COMALINES! COMALINES!
Sold in Bristol by S. BURDGE (late Postings) High Street; and by the principal Chemists and Perfumers everywhere.

Wholesale European Depot, 19, Bartholomew Close, London, E.C.—J. B. and E. A. CURLEY and CO., Sole Proprietors.

J. SEABLE, Perfumer and Hair Dresser, 42, Broad Street, Bristol.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MOUNTAIN ROSE.—The hair is of a pretty flaxen Saxon colour.

S. ECKOES.—We are not acquainted with the author concerning whom you write.

J. REARDON.—All the volumes of the LONDON READER can be had bound in cloth for 5s. 6d. each.

LOUISE.—The handwriting is very fair, although you have sent us a somewhat careless specimen.

A. V. (Liverpool).—The ivory keys must be taken out, scraped, and repolished.

H. COLEMAN should forward the manuscript subject to our regulations.

EDITH.—Leave off the dye, and wash your hair frequently in the ordinary way.

E. C.—You can endeavour to take away the hair you consider superfluous by means of the tweezers. Pray do not attempt any other remedy.

BESSIE YATES.—The hand writing is bold and very good. Marking ink, as you are aware, is considered indelible, but you could try a solution of soda and oxalic acid.

H. W. H.—Courtesy demands that we should acknowledge the receipt of your second communication. That it has reached us is probably all you care to know.

A. Z.—The necessary notice is six months, which must be so given as to terminate on the day on which your tenancy commenced.

MR. BLACKBIRD.—Do not give salt for the sake of giving it. The birds' instincts will cause them to avoid anything injurious which may happen to fall in their way.

OLD POSTAGE STAMPS.—Mr. Belton, of Wellington, Sarlo, wishes Mr. E. F. Russell to communicate with him upon the above matter.

LILLIAN.—You can summons, certainly. If the defendant denies the receipt of the money, which possibly he may not do, the County Court judge will decide which of the two versions he believes.

AURELIA LAMBERT.—If the matter is really so serious as you intimate it would be a good plan to have your head shaved. But you should take medical advice upon the subject.

W. J. ADRIE.—The marriage is good. The law of England recognises as valid all marriages contracted according to the law of the place where the parties were married.

WESTON.—We do not exactly understand your communication. From what we can gather, however, we should say that the instrument is quite valid, notwithstanding an informality of which we never heard before.

J. HUNTER.—Philosophy in humble life, well considered, is a grand thing; for it is a gigantic contribution to the cause of civilisation. What does the poet Elliott say, himself originally a mechanic?

"Learned he was—nor bird, nor insect flew;
But he its leafy home and history knew;
Nor wild flower decked the rock, nor moss the well,
But he its name and qualities could tell."

SHY.—1. Of course the sugar can be omitted if you please. 2. It is beneficial to put salt in the water in which you bathe. 3. Not to clean the teeth is to form a very bad and injurious habit. 4. The "Kalydor" is harmless certainly. It may be beneficial.

ORSEA.—For a good hair wash, into a quart of boiling water put an ounce of borax and half-an-ounce of camphor, powdered. A weak solution of nitrate of silver will dye the hair black, but it must be most carefully applied, and must not on any account touch the skin.

ROBERT BARKER.—The lines will not do. We can understand your sentiment upon the occasion, but you have not managed to express it correctly. It is not merely your attempt at versification which has failed, your statements of fact are also wrong.

S. J.—Qualification for the police force is not included in the list of Civil Service examinations. The men are, doubtless, chosen from private regulations agreed upon by the commissioners. Sergeants and inspectors often obtain their position through promotion from the ranks.

LILY DALE.—All cosmetics are injurious, because there is arsenic in them. Soap and warm water, a nice soft towel, early rising, moderate exercise, a generous diet, and kindly thoughts and feelings, are the only things that will impart a bloom to the countenance.

ATQUE.—Second-class assistants of Excise have to pass an examination in writing from dictation and arithmetic, including vulgar and decimal fractions. Their commencing salary is about 80s. per annum. The nomination cannot be altered. The handwriting will do, but you have made one mistake in the spelling.

HARRY.—An apprentice leaving his master's service must serve beyond the term for the time he was absent, if it be within seven years after the expiration of the term. Absconding apprentices are liable to be committed to the House of Correction for any period not exceeding three months. Your handwriting will do.

J. H. E.—You write a very distinct hand. You should always choose the proper way of doing anything. Think of the old proverb: "Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well." It is usual to send your name and address when you correspond with an editor. May we call your attention to the matter of orthography?

LADY HERBERT.—1. It is quite possible for a true friendship to exist between a young man and a young woman, but the position is somewhat dangerous. 2. The colour of the hair is light brown. 3. About 5ft. is a very nice height for ladies in the opinion of many. 4. Upon your last question a dozen pages could be written. Your own instinct, however, must be appealed to for the present.

A. B.—There is sufficient uncertainty about the case to prevent there being any solid grounds whereon to claim. As the marriage took place only four years after the first husband went abroad, it is probable that he was living when the so-called second marriage took place, consequently the person you now call the present husband may not be a husband at all.

KATE.—Your father is not peevish or stingy; it is you who are extravagant and thoughtless. Be advised. We are ruined, not by what we really want, but by what we think we do. Therefore, never go abroad in search of your wants; if they be real wants, they will come home in search of you—for those that buy what they do not want will soon want what they cannot buy.

ROBIN.—Every animal eats as much as it can procure. A cow eats but to sleep, and sleeps but to eat. A whale swallows ten millions of living shrimps at a draught; a nursing canary bird eats its own bulk in a day; and a caterpillar eats five hundred times its weight before it lies down to rise up a butterfly. The mice and the maggot eat the very world in which they live—the nestle and build in their own roost; and the hyena, for want of better, eats himself.

DAISY.—We can find no authentic particulars as to the difference between a Kentish maid and a maid of Kent. We have heard that a man of Kent was one who lived in the eastern division of the county, while a Kentish man inhabited the parts west of Canterbury. If we might hazard a conjecture, we should say that a maid of Kent was the more aristocratic appellation of the two. *Fit justitia sibi*! Let justice be done. Your handwriting is not only good but elegant.

THE SINGLE REAPER.

Behold her, single in the field,
You solitary and lone,
Reaping and singing by herself;
Stop here, or gently pass!
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain;
Oh, listen! for the vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

Will no one tell me what she sings?
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago.

Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again?

What's the theme, the maiden sang,
As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending;

I listened, motionless and still,
And, as I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.

C. H.

JESSE CAMERON.—Frames are gilded with leaf gold, which is put on them after they have been properly prepared. You can purchase books of leaf gold at a gold-beater's. The order of manipulation is first to thoroughly cleanse the leaves, then to give them a coating of size, next to apply the leaf gold. But all this is an art to which an apprenticeship has to be served. You had better leave your hair alone. It appears to be very nice. We can discern in it no trace of red. Thanks for the information you have sent us.

JULIA.—Conversation resembles the flowing of a mighty river. At its commencement, when it first trickles from its rocky source, its transparent waters brighten the little pebbles over which it flows, as its tiny ripples, as they dash along in their precipitous course, sparkle with each ray of light, and gladden the heart of the beholder with their brilliancy. And, the broad channel is contracted, and the streamlet increasing in depth as it advances, and gathering strength and volume on the way, with difficulty presses through its narrow banks. The rapidity of the current is lessened, the glowing ripples are gone, but in their place are depth and vigour. No longer turning aside to play with shining stones, or dance with the sunbeams, profoundly and quietly it passes on, overcoming all obstacles.

CHARLES G.—Be not too sanguine. The temple of truth is built indeed of stones of crystal, but, inasmuch as men have been concerned in rearing it, it has been consolidated by a cement composed of baser materials. It is deeply to be lamented that truth itself will attract little attention and less esteem, until it be amalgamated with some particular party, persuasion, or sect, unmixing and unadulterated, it too often proves as unfit for currency as pure gold for circulation. Sir Walter Raleigh has observed, that he who follows truth too closely must take care that it does not strike out his teeth; but he that follows truth too closely has little to fear from truth, but he has much to fear from the pretended friends of it. He, therefore, that is dead to all the smiles, and to all the frowns of the living, alone is secure to the hazardous task of writing a history of his own times worthy of being transmitted to times that are to come.

C. B. KENT.—Your letter contains so much good sense

that we are inclined to say to you, give the encouragement which your heart longs to bestow, and which is ready to burst forth upon your pretty face, for pretty we are sure it must be to have your attentions. Having, however, complied with that portion of your heart's desire, what next—and next? A while ago, we were reading of a very difficult exploit which was performed almost as far north as the place from which you write. As one man there stooped to pick up what he was in search of, another held his hand that he might not overreach himself and thus be lost. Who will hold your hand, pretty one, as you venture forth upon your longed-for pursuit? You must love 'tis true. If love is really now coming to your heart, could you not, think you, when you are sure that you are not mistaken in the fact, could you not make a confidant of "mamma." Tell her the tale, she has heard such a tale before, and as you make your maiden essay ask her lovingly to "hold your hand."

A. HAMMOND.—It is a natural law that air when warm is lighter than air at the ordinary temperatures. We see that smoke goes up a chimney, or rises upwards from a fire-lighted end of doors. Why is this? Because a stream of air passes through the fire, and being thus warmed, it goes, carrying the smoke with it. In cold weather we see also that breath ascends as it leaves the mouth and nostrils; and the rising of steam from the spout of a tea-kettle must be familiar to every one. And it is owing to the continual movement occasioned by the passage of warm currents that the atmosphere is maintained in a healthy condition. Here we have so many proofs that warm air ascends, and if we make a proper vent it will escape of itself from a room. Except in unwholesome neighbourhoods, when we are out of doors we breathe in, or inspire pure air; but as the greater part of most persons' lives is passed in-doors, it concerns us chiefly to know how to bring pure air into houses and workshops. Generally speaking, no attempt is made to get rid of bad air; people who attend crowded meetings will have observed that the windows of the building soon become covered with vapour, which, after a time, runs down in large drops; besides this, a sickly, suffocating smell is perceived, produced by the watery vapour of the breath, the carbonic acid gas which comes off the lungs, and the perspiration constantly thrown off from everyone's skin. All these effects put together make up a sickening and poisonous atmosphere. And if pure air were prevented finding its way in from the outside, before many hours all the people in the room would certainly die. If a man happen to die while cleaning out an old well, or a cess-pool, or several persons are suffocated by the foul gas from a sewer, the event creates quite a sensation; but no one is startled by the fact that thousands of people in this country are breathing poisoned air day after day as long as they live. In addition to the causes above mentioned, by which the air is vitiated, or rendered unfit for breathing, the use of gas, oil-lamps, or candles in a room tends further to spoil it, as they all throw off carbonic acid gas.

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CHRISTINA AND NANCY.—"Christina," twenty-one, fair, a good housekeeper, and in possession of a well-stocked sheep farm. Respondent must be tall, in the Civil Service, and have blue eyes; a Highlander about twenty-six preferred. "Nancy," eighteen, tall, handsome, dark, and musical. Respondent must be tall, fair, and slender; one of the medical profession preferred.

MABEL CATHLEIGH, twenty, 5 ft. 2 in., hazel eyes, black curling hair, nice colour, very good looking, domesticated, and will have a large fortune when of age. Respondent must be fair and handsome.

LILLIAN MARIA (a farmer's daughter), medium height, fair complexion, bright blue eyes, very merry disposition, and will have property when of age. Respondent must be tall, dark, and handsome.

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The above is from J. PRATT, Chemist, Stafford Street, Wolverhampton.

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